OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 24.

Salmagundi.

The London Satirist—not a penny paper, as the Boston Transcript pretends, but a "respectable *seven*-penny" sterling—has a good hit at Willis in the last number we have received. It says,—

"The Yankee scribbler, Willis, having put forth some fresh volumes of adventures, again holds the terror of a duel before the eyes of any sturdy reviewer. Such bombast, however, is pretty well understood; this affair would be something like that of my Lord Duke and Sir Harry, in *High Life Below Stairs.* "Pistols, my Lord Duke! Pistols, powder; powder, balls? Zounds! would you murder me?" We have it thus—

Yankee Willis would fight, as he often has said;
  A reverse he displays in his vapor;
For while all his volumes are loaded with lead,
  His pistols are loaded with paper.
For excuses, old custom the Yankee may thank—
  Th' indulgence don't let him abuse;
For the cartridge, 'tis known, is always made blank,
  That is fired away at *Reviews.*"

Now, a "good Scotch knock" like this, as Quentin Durward has it, we hold to be ten times more useful and serviceable to him in every way than the London system of "gagging," recently adopted by his publishers here. Besides, Willis, like the biggest kind of a tub, is able to stand on his own bottom, without the propping up of lackadaisical paragraphs, of which, like any other sensible man, he must be thoroughly ashamed. Did we think indifferently of him, we would have held our peace; we had rather see him cut up than praised by blockheads.

The Evening Star frequently alludes to *Figaro in London*, as "a *new* penny paper, distinguished for its wit," etc. We shall be happy to loan our facetious friends a bound volume of Figaro for the year 1832, (before the Star was thought of.) It is not only one of the oldest, but one of the wittiest, and most elaborately embellished papers in the metropolis. Each number contains one or more exquisite caricatures by Seymour or Cruickshanks, engraved in the first style of art.

Mrs. Norton, the authoress of "The Undying One," is now designated by the London press as "The *Unblushing* One!" The papers state that she "is in no way abashed at the general conversation about her everywhere." How pitiable is it, that Mrs. Norton, and the Countess of Blessington, two of the most gifted and most beautiful women of the age, should be excluded from society, for which by nature and education they were formed to become distinguished ornaments, on account of their questionable private character.

An enlightened publican in London has found out a method of preventing hydrophobia, and as it is so original in its way, we cannot refrain from making it extensively known. He advises that "the magistrates should issue a regulation that all dogs found in the streets should be killed; and as a stimulus for the enforcement of the regulation, that a reward of a shilling should be given on each dog." What an effective method, and what a humane publican! He observes, in conclusion, that his plan "would be beneficial to the public." This almost equals the "absolute wisdom" of Alderman ——, of New York, who put a clause in his Mad Dog bill, authorizing any police officer or constable to take any *mad* dog to the watchhouse! A very agreeable duty, this, to lead or drive a mad dog from, say the Battery or the Dry Dock, to the watchhouse. They will be in a hurry to do it, we don't think!

Among other rules and regulations in relation to the Public Walks of London, t was recently proposed in a bill brought up before the reverend Fathers of that city, by a Mr. Buckingham,—

"That no unmarried female should be allowed to enter the walks or gardens, unless she can produce a certificate from the clergyman of the parish, as to her moral conduct." [No objection to that.]

"That no unmarried male be admitted into the same, unless he produces an affidavit to the effect, that he has not been intoxicated during the present month." [If this law goes into effect, the public gardens, we take it, will "suffer!"]

"That no married woman be admitted, except under the care of her husband, and then to be so closely veiled as to preclude every one from viewing her features." [Then all we have to say is, that every pretty woman will stay away, that's all!]

"That no married man appear there with any other woman than his wife, and then that he be strictly forbidden to cast an eye upon any but her." [Not by no means, no how, eh? If Niblo adopts this regulation, we know of some couples joined in holy matrimony that wouldn't give a fig to go."]

"If any female be suspected of being a doubtful character, be it resolved that her virtue be put to the test by the ablest member of the Managing Committee; any male so suspected to be also brought to trial, and if convicted, the criminal party to pay expenses." [We shall have a word to say regarding this managing committee, if it comes to that! "Robinson, the Innocent Boy," thinks no small beer of himself in these matters, and is an "available candidate" for chairman of such committee. As to "males suspected of doubtful character," as Sambo says, "them is mighty onsartin." If there can be any thing more uncertain than females, we agree with Greeley, that it is the *mails!*]

One of our London papers states that the Honorable Mrs. Norton having seen a copy of Lord Kames's work entitled "Loose Thoughts on Education, but chiefly concerning the Culture of the Heart," remarked to Lord Melbourne, after having read it, "that she had some very *loose* thoughts herself on that subject, which she thought far better than those of the Scotch writer." At the suggestion of the Premier, she immediately sat down and committed them to paper for our perusal and publication, if thought deserving public attention. Our readers, we think, will admit we have only done the lady justice in giving them insertion:—

LOOSE THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION, BY MRS. NORTON.

"Young women should be instructed with great care in maternal duties, and as soon as possible try the value of their theoretical knowledge by practical experiments; there are plenty of poor devils, having small pensions, and regarding themselves as gentlemen, who would very readily assist in such tasks."

After this specimen (the first paragraph of twenty,) we think the American reader will agree with us, that the best thing Mrs. Norton can do is to shake off her "loose" thoughts as soon as may be.

Figaro in London makes Wellington say a better thing in the following *jeu d'esprit* than that personage has lately been guilty of—*e. g.*:—

"Do you think Londonderry would give way in case we came to a collision with the Commons?" asked Wellington of Cumberland. "He would give his ears first," replied the demon of Kew. "That is going *great lengths* certainly," sardonically remarked the Duke.

Judge Park,—unlike our Recorder, Mr. Riker (save when a lady's in the case) or Judge Edwards,—whenever he has occasion to sentence a criminal, always seems deeply affected, and frequently is moved to tears, to which habit the wag of the London Satirist makes the annexed allusion:—

"Judge Park is of opinion that a *cry*-sis in public affairs is near at hand, and that it is *eye* time the Lords began to consider the propriety of changing their tactics, and "dropping tears of penitence" in order to ensure their personal safety. We somewhat agree with his whimpering judgeship."

A letter dated London, 21st May, 1836, to the editor of the New Orleans True American, states:—

"Hackett has just arrived here and so has Maywood. Hackett visits France and Germany almost immediately. I understand Forsest is now in Paris—will shortly be in London on his way back to the United States. I am sorry to inform you that the profession is gone to the very devil here—no drama—no actors—there is not an English theatre in London doing well. Malibran is at Drury Lane—just paying and that's all. Osbaldeston is losing money at the Garden. Ducrow & Davidge at the same game, but Laporte is having the best season known at the Italian Opera for many years."

A Queer Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.—Robert of Gloucester, says that Queen Elfrida used to whip her step-son Edward, son to King Edgar, with "wax tapers," so that when he grew up he "hated the sight of a candle." Few, certainly, would make "light" of such a flagellation.

Horace Claggett, having run the gauntlet of folly, is at length an inmate of the King's Bench. A proposal, in the shape of a composition on his debts, was made some time back, and rejected by his creditors. He owes, including some heavy liabilities for Sir Windham Anstruther, about £35,000. He has filed his petition, intending to avail himself of the personal protection afforded by the Insolvent Act. It is probable that in the end all his debts will be paid.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

"Nay pr'ythee, dear Norton, ne'er rave thus and curse;
Remember, you took me for better or worse."
"I know it," said Norton, "but then, Madam, look you,
You prove on the trial much worse than I took you."

A Turkish Aga, whom M. De Lamartine met returning from Mecca, had a thorough bred Arab horse, upon whose back, he said, one might take coffee at a gallop, without spilling a single drop out of the cup. This story reminds us of another which is about as credible. The celebrated Packwood put out a capital puff once, illustrated by the representation of a gentleman on horseback, shaving himself with one of the patent safety razors, while his horse was in the act of leaping a five-bar gate!

Wit at the Garrick.—"I think you must all allow," said Cooke, "that Macready is the most *striking* tragedian of the day." "He has certainly made a *hit* at last," replied Poole. "True," added Smith, "I'm afraid he has given a blow to his own reputation." "Pooh, pooh!" rejoined Cooke, "that will soon *blow over.*"

It is said—but we do not vouch for the truth of the statement—that Mr. Mills, the husband of Mrs. Murray Mills, borrowing a leaf out of the diary of the honorable George Norton, means to bring an action against Lord Palmerston, nominally to recover damages for criminal conversation, but in reality for a compensation for the *loan* of his wife. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope says "the devil's in the husbands"—and we may add—the wives too.

Some wiseacre has been "employing his leisure time" in making an estimate, that there are in London, full five thousand men who would murder a man for the prospect of obtaining a shilling and escaping punishment. He should have added that there were at least half the number always ready to undertake the same service for nothing, merely to keep their hands in;—his amiable calculations would have been then complete.

About forty years ago, a young Italian married a woman for her money, whose age at that time was something over 100 years. It appears, however, that a just retribution, as disagreeable as unexpected, was in store for him, for we read in a late number of the *Augsburgh Gazette*, that his spouse has but recently relieved him of his burthen, by taking her final departure at the mature age of 142 years.

All the high Tories agree in thinking, that if our reforming Premier be subjected to an action for *crim. con.*, he must of necessity abandon his office. The morality of the Conservative party—especially that of Wellington, Ellenborough, and Lyndhurst—is of so sublimated a character, that they cannot for a moment fancy a person holding the reins of office, after being convicted of intimacy with the wife of a friend. This new-born purity is rather too sudden to be very sincere.

In the *Herald* of Tuesday, a lady of respectability expresses her anxiety, by advertisement, "to meet with a lady to board and reside, *society being the object.* The friends of a lady *of weak intellect* would find this worthy of their attention." We suspect that Grandmama herself is the respectable old lady referred to, and that she is advertising for a companion; and the hint about a lady of "weak intellect" for the sake of "society," strongly confirms our surmise. We trust she will be speedily suited.

The Marquis of Waterford is paying the penalty for the pugilistic notoriety he has acquired, by being mistaken for other individuals of similar "larking" propensities. A Mr. Peter Simkins, was, it appears, taken for his lordship at Marylebone police-office the other day, at which it is stated the Marquis was "highly indignant." Why, what was more natural? There was a row, bad language, cabman, and a scuffle, if not a downright pugilistic encounter—the police sergeant asserted that the Marquis was the man—who, with such concomitant circumstances, could doubt it? The Marquis manfully came forward the next day to "clear his character," and we must freely confess that he is entitled to some condolence, because he has quite enough peccadilloes of his own to answer for, without being bothered with those of other people.

Too Much of a Good Thing.—A captain mentioned in "Peter Simple," describes his mother as being so splendid a piano forte player, that, upon one occasion, when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar.

Poor little Thiers has met with a dreadful misfortune—on returning home from the Chamber of Deputies he found a *deputy* in *his chamber*. The Count de Sercey, who was known here by Lord Allen's *sobriquet* of Count *Saucy*, and who was blackballed at Crockford's, was the Tarquin of the scene, which was of too conclusive a nature to admit of any doubt. Madame Thiers, who is a very young and beautiful little woman, on being remonstrated with, pleaded maternal example. "I have (said the lady, bursting into *Thiers*,) only returned the compliment you have often paid my papa." This retort-courteous was taking the *bull by the horns.* London Age.

Irish Description of a Female Dancer.—"The lady is proprietor of a person about six feet high; legs that might make the fortune of a chairman, and feet, as the Irish say, 'wid a fine howld on the flure.'"

Mrs. Norton's Religious Notions.—If we were to credit (which we do not) the calumniating tongue of her husband, the Honorable *Mistress* Norton is no better than a Nullifidian, or a person without any *faith* at all; but as we will not allow him ungratefully to make use of his *horns* to *trumpet* forth his lady's disparagement, we here assure "the universe" at large that her sentiments verge on her Romanism, and that the propriety of granting *indulgences* is with her a favorite topic of argumentation. Nor is it less gratifying to us to inform them, upon the authority of an eye-witness (the respectable *Minister* before referred to as the converter of her husband), that for the period she was entrusted to his keeping, he always found her willing in matters of *revelation*, to go as *high* as was possible, but that to the exclusive right assumed by the pontific hierarch of sending forth *bulls*, she was an uncompromising opponent; the manufacture came home, with equal force, to the "business and bosom" of every married woman in the creation.

Saunders, the fish-salesman of Billingsgate and deputy-alderman of Candlewick, was very justly amerced in damages to the tune of 80*l.* last week, for knocking off the hat of Mr. Tarbutt, the reforming Governor of Christ's Hospital, and subsequently knocking down that gentleman himself. The pith of the joke is, that Saunders did it out of pure regard to politeness, it being to him "the most incomprehensible of all imaginable" things, that a person should presume to wear his hat in the hall of the Hospital, in the presence of ladies. It is rumored, however, that Saunders acquired these notions of extreme refinement through a nose-pulling he once received in his own counting-house for rudeness to a Mr. French. If so, the lesson has not been lost upon him. Alderman Farebrother, we hear, inclines to the view that Saunders takes of these matters—but obviously, in his case, "knocking down" is merely professional.

ON THE LATE DERBY,—BY OSBALDESTON.

With racers of the highest breed,
That he should scarcely once succeed,
"From year to year my Lord enrages.
"But let me whisper in your ear;
You're blind, my Lord; the reason's clear—
  Your jockeys' bribes exceed their wages."

The moral "keep not, nor covet, what is not your own," is said to apply to Palmerston with such force, that his Lordship has determined to *keep* that only which is his own, and never again to "covet" that which is not—his neighbor's wife.

CONSERVATIVE TRICK.

The Tories, base corrupted slaves,
  On Norton fix—a specious drift—
To oust Lord Melbourne. What, the knaves,
  Take this advantage of a *shift?*

Our friends of the *Chronicle* committed a very *grave* error on Thursday, by killing, before his time, the "*great* Duke of Buckingham." It was no doubt meant as a joke; if so, it *tolled* very well, although it is a little "too bad" to trifle with the feelings of a living man, by talking of his "lamented death," and remarking on the removal of his "remains for interment." Should the Duke of Buckingham die of fright occasioned by the reading of the paragraph in question, and more unlikely things have happened, a jury would not pause, we should think, to pronounce it a Black *job*.

Sir Andrew Agnew contemplates introducing into his next Sabbath bill, a clause prohibiting pistol shooting on the Lord's day. Ned Ruthven's duel, which took place last Sunday, seems to have suggested the idea to the sanctified baronet.

Young Kean is making a profitable Irish tour. At Cork he has drawn full houses—a result which appears to have attended his exertions in all the towns he has of late visited. His success in the country compared with the metropolis, will sufficiently account for his disinclination to accept a London engagement, except on terms to which a prudent manager would be rather slow to agree.

At the great tulip show at Walworth, which afforded, as in former years, a great treat to the visitors, it was stated that the value of some of the specimens reached 50*l.* The extravagance of this demand is at once apparent, when it is recollected that still finer and more precious "two-lip" specimens, "ripe and real," may be obtained for that price. At least, Tom Duncombe, who has looked over a good many "beds," assures us of the fact.

A LEADING TRAGEDIAN.

Paumier, when he played *Hamlet*, it is plain,
Look'd "more an antique *Rum 'un* than a *Dane!*"
As crook-back'd *Richard* he makes many laugh—
And when he seeks a *crown*, who'd give him *half?*

Charles Phillips is to be the principal director of the *Beat*-root Sugar Company, as advertised in the papers. His experience of the sweet endearments of domestic life must render him admirably qualified for such an office.

Should no arrangement be made, the cause of Norton *v.* Melbourne will be tried in the course of about three weeks. Sergeant Wilde, Sir W. Follett, and Mr. Bayley, are retained for the plaintiff, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Wightman, and Mr. Richards for the defendant. The *damages* are laid at *twenty thousand pounds*, or in other words, that sum is required as a *fair* compensation for "possession and peaceable enjoyment"—by way of *loan* of the offending lady. If all be true that we have heard, *one farthing* would be about a reasonable estimate of the damage incurred. But there is more in this than meets the eye.

The practice of using *pigeons* for purposes connected with the Stock Exchange is described by the city correspondent of the *Chronicle* to be of "recent origin." This is a mistake; pigeons are of considerable antiquity, and were always useful and necessary to carry on stock-jobbing with profit and advantage.

The *Herald* states, as an *on dit*, at the Clubs, that "a certain opera-box shared by two ladies this season, has not been any expense to *them*, and the history attached thereto is termed the "*box-keepers' benefit.*" The inference is, that the real *owner* of the box derives a *quid pro quo*, or "benefit," for its occupation; or in other words, that the "box-keeper" receives a *fair* equivalent for the favor thus bestowed. The ladies referred to in the paragraph, are Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, and Mrs. Blackwood. We wonder the club scandal-mongers did not proceed a little further, and say that a certain nobleman's cheque had been given for the rental of the box. They might have done this—perhaps with safety.

Gully being ear-wigged by a Tory member for his vote on the Irish Bill, very candidly told the member he was up to "snuff," and that if the member made another such proposal to him, he should very soon taste his *rap*-pee. It is needless to say the hon. member posted off on another *scent*, not wishing for a *smeller* rom Gully's bunch of fives.

"Segrave still cherishes a sneaking affection for Maria," observed Billy Lennox to Harrington. "Oh, yes, but it is entirely of a *play*-tonic character I can assure you," simpered the bearded nobleman. Billy well remembered their *playing* together formerly.

Original Sporting Varieties.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA., July 22, 1836.

My dear Spirit of the Times,—The turf fever rages in these parts with increasing violence. Our farmers have become convinced that they could not invest a portion of their capital more profitably than in thorough-bred stock. And what's more, they want to see a little sport among themselves before they sell off. The consequence is, that they have *prehaps* about the most flourishing *country* Jockey Club in the nation.

The next meeting of the Jefferson Jockey Club will commence over their fine course near Charlestown on Monday, September 26th. First day—a match race for $1000, between Col. Duval's c. c. *Charley Scott*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, and Mr. Harness' b. f., 4 yrs. old; full sister to Enciero. Second day—purse $500, 4 mile heats. Same day—A two year old sweepstakes: entrance $50, h. f., a single dash of a mile; to close on the 20th September—3 or more to make a race. Third day's purse, $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Same day—A sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats: entrance $200, h. f., to close by the 15th August—3 entries or no race. Fourth day's purse, $300, two mile heats. Same day—A sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats: entrance $900, h. f.; to close on the 15th August—3 entries or no race.

The purses, you perceive, are very respectable, and there is no deduction from the amount as is the case at some courses, beyond the regular entrance. The track is an exact mile, and has been levelled and much improved. Charlestown is accessible daily, to Baltimore and Washington, by the Rail-road and Canal. One of our ingenious citizens is planning an *air vessel* to ply regularly from South to North, and back again. During the race week, it will make daily a *morning trip* from New York to Charlestown. Just pop in, and fly to the races, and your knowledge of horse flesh will make other people pay your expenses. Our great trainer, WHEATLEY, will "whisper in your ear," as did Hammond, at New York, "deeds without a name," and if ever he says any thing about "doing it easy," and "*pile it up*, friend P.," then go your death, that's all.

Most respectfully, yours, &c.

Pedigrees of Old Gibb, Desdemona, and Speckle.

Old Gibb, a bay mare, five feet high, now twenty-two years old, the mother of Col. Claiborne's mare, *Cassandra, Woodville, Dart*, and others, was sired by Ainsworth Harrison's Marsk, he by Hugh Wiley's Marsk—Harrison's Marsk's dam, by imported Pantaloon, g. dam by Warning, g. g. dam by Chatham:—Gibb's dam, by Col. Alston's Dare Devil, g. dam the old Mark Anthony, g. g. dam three parts Janus. The above certified by James Denton and Ainsworth Harrison, who raised the dam and sire of Gibb.

Desdemona, a sorrel mare, with both hind feet white up to her pasterns and a small star, now eight years old, was sired by Timoleon, dam by Elliott's Pacolet, g. dam by Wilks's Wonder, g. g. dam by old Celar, g. g. g. dam by Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony, g. g. g. g. g. by imported Fearnought. The above certified by Thomas Taylor and Duke W. Sumner.

Speckle, a grey mare, was sired by the Arabian horse Bagdad, dam by imported Dungannon, g. dam an old race mare from Georgia, of the Medley stock, pedigree unknown; Speckle is six years old. WM. L. ALEXANDER.

Huntsville, Sumner Co., Tenn., June 29, 1836.

HANDSOME PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKE.

A Sweepstake, to be run over the Central Course, at Hartsville, Tenn., on the third Thursday in October, 1837, for colts and fillies cast in the Spring of 1834; $500 entrance, half forfeit.

1.	Wm. L. Alexandernames	b. c. by Jefferson		dam Old Gibb.
2.	Burford & Berrey	b. c.	— Cock of the Rock,	— Patty Puff.
3.	L. P. Cheatham	g. f.	— Giles Scroggins,	— by Old Archie.
4.	T. A. Pankey	g. c.	— Imp. Luzborough,	— by Pacolet.
5.	Robert L. Weekly	b. c.	— Cock of the Rock,	— by Oscar.
6.	John C. Beasley	b. f.	— Wild Bill	— Molly Long.
7.	S. Fenwick	b. f.	— Saxe Weimar	— by Sir Charles.
8.	S. Fenwick	b. f.	— Crusader	— by Sir Archie, jun.
9.	Cyrus Hart	b. f.	— Jefferson	— by Oscar.
10.	A. B. Newsom	b. f.	— Wild Bill	— by Sir Archie.
11.	Geo. W. Elliott	s. c.	— Leviathan	— Ip.m.by Blacklock.
12.	James Jackson	b. f.	— Leviathan	— Imp.m.by Refugee.

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio) RACES.

The spring meeting over the Chillicothe Association Course commenced on Tuesday, and closed on Friday 20th inst.*

The course was well attended, and the sport relished with a zest which augurs well for the future prosperity of the association. The running shows a decided improvement in our stock of horses, which was the object contemplated in forming this association in Ohio only.

First Day, mile heats, purse $100, free for three year old colts, foaled and raised in Ohio only.

Robt. McFarland's b f *Jenny Deans*, three years old, by Bertrand, dam imp. Nosely, 83lbs ... 1 1
John McNeil, Jr.'s br g Roventore, three years old, by Napoleon, dam by Whip, 83lbs ... 2 2
Andrew Work's b f Wild Maria, three years old, by Gallatin, dam by John Richards, 83lbs ... 3 dis.
Time, 2m. 8s.—2m. 7s.

Second Day, three mile heats, purse $100.

Wm. Palmer's b h *Pacolet*, five years old, by Pacolet, dam by Whipster, 110lbs ... 1 2 1
Andrew Work's b c Drumgold, four years old, by Roanoke, dam by Virginia, 100lbs ... 2 1 2

In the second heat the horses merely galloped, (both riders relying on the bottom of their horses,) until the last quarter, when Drumgold made a push at his antagonist and won the heat by eighteen inches. The third heat was well contested the first two miles, when Drumgold laid back until they came into the quarter stretch, when he made another push, but Pacolet being on the alert this time, won the heat by half a length.

Time 7m. 5s.—9m. 54s—6m. 42s.

Third Day, two mile heats, purse $100.

Wm. Palmer's b f *Antoinette*, four years old, by Star, dam by Walnut, 97lbs ... 1 1
John Hay's ch c Redbird, three years old, by Ratler, dam by Hamiltonian, 86lbs ... 2 2
Robt. McFarland's b f Monogahela, four years old, by Byron, dam by Gracchus, 97lbs ... 3 dis.
Time, 4m. 17s.—4m. 1s.

Fourth Day, mile heats, three best in five, purse $100.

Wm. Palmer's ch c *Lighthouse*, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Quicksilver, 110lbs ... 1 1 1
Andrew Work's b c Drumgold, four years old, by Roanoke, dam by Virginia, 100lbs ... 2 2 2
John G. Harley's b f Susan, four years old, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 67lbs ... 3 4 3
A. Doggett's ch g Tiptop, four years old, by Regulus, dam unknown, 97lbs ... 4 3 4

Turf Register. S. S. BURNAM, *Secretary*.

* The editor of the Register omits the month in which these races came off. As the Register was issued on the 1st of July, and the meeting commenced "on Friday the 20th instant," Mr. Burnam, to foresee the result, must have been something of a prophet!

LOWNDES COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

Over the new Hayneville Course, track nineteen yards over a mile.*

First Day, purse $190, mile heats.

B. F. Dozier's b c *States Rights*, four years old, by Arab, dam by Bagdad, 100lbs ... 1 1
Thos. D. Sumpter's ch m Zenobia, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Director, 107lbs ... 2 2
Isam Woodward's ch c Little Davy, three years old, by Sir Arthur, dam Lydia, 86lbs ... 3 dis.
Joshua Avritt's b c Tolleda, three years old, by Stockholder, dam unknown, 86lbs ... dis.
Time, 1m. 59s.—2m. 2s.

Second Day, purse $320, two mile heats.

B. F. Dozier's ch f *Lady Hayneville*, four years old, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 97lbs ... 1 1
Kenan and Scott's b c Sidney Burbridge, four years old, by Trumpator, dam by Hambletonian, 100lbs ... 2 2
Mennefie's g c McDuff, three years old, by Jerry, dam by Stockholder, 86lbs ... dis.
Time, 3m. 59s.—4m. 6s.

Third Day, purse $450, three mile heats.

James E. Scott's b h *Birmingham*, five years old, by Stockholder, dam Black Sophia, 110lbs ... 1 1
Mennefie's g c McDuff, three years old, by Jerry, dam by Stockholder, 86lbs ... dis.
Time, 6m. 1s.

Fourth Day, purse $330, one mile heats, best three in five.

B. F. Dozier's ch c *Sam O'Rourke*, four years old, by Sir William, dam by Napoleon, 110lbs ... 2 1 1
John S. Hunter's b f Mary Vos, three years old, by Stockholder, dam Oscar, 83lbs ... 1 2 dr.
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.

Turf Register. THOMAS STRINGER, *Asst. Secretary*.

* The date is not given in the Register: but the races *probably* occurred during the months of March, April, May, or June, 1836.

ON BLOOD.

Washington City, May 21.

MR. EDITOR,—I have been more than once amused at the *prejudice* entertained by some towards imported horses. This *prejudice* in some cases, is the result of a national pride, which makes men believe that every thing from our thunder and lightning down, is better than that of any other nation. Others, however, who being deeply interested in our own stock, shut their ears to *fair reasoning*, and without being able to give a why or wherefore, enter a sweeping denunciation against all importations. What will a calm examination of the subject prove? Will it prove that the get of imported stallions are worthless? Certainly not. What have Linnet Lilac, and Angora done on the turf for the honor of their sire Leviathan? Ask James Jackson, and he will tell you Linnet won him three out of the four races he run her, and then brought him $3,000, cash up. Ask Dawson and Wells what she has done for them. They will tell you she has run three races for them, and that $12,000 is now offered for her, and a match for $10,000 and inside stake of $5,500. The Hon. Bailie Peyton will tell you Lilac brought him $3,000. Gen. Desca can speak of upwards of $6,000 won for him by Angora, and of his refusing $5,000 for her. Do not these and twenty other instances in which high prices have been given for his get, prove Leviathan a valuable acquisition to our stock. Look at Pomona, the only one of Chateau Margaux's get that has run in this country. What nag in America has surpassed the time of Clara Howard, one of Barefoot's daughters? Has not Margaret Armistead's career been a series of brilliant victories? Let any calm, dispassionate breeder examine these facts, and avoid if he can the fair and natural inference deducible from them, which is that the best English blood is equal to our best blood.

In establishing the claims of imported horses, facts and facts alone should be resorted to. Their career on the turf, that of their progeny; the purity and fashion of their pedigrees. The size and durability of them and their stock, should be carefully examined into, and when the breeder can satisfy himself on all these points he should not hesitate to breed from them.

I do not wish to disparage our own horses. I believe we have some as fine horses as there are in the world, and hesitate not to assert that the choicest European stock would be benefitted by a cross on ours. Breeding in and in I am opposed to. The Archy stock can be advantageously crossed upon that of Eclipse.

There are other imported horses of which I have not made mention, whose career on the turf have been most brilliant, and whose pedigrees are rich, pure and fashionable, because their get are not yet on the turf? Who can doubt but that Luzborough, Tranby, Rowton, Emancipation, St. Giles, Autocrat, Consol, and some others, will do much for the improvement of the American race horse. I own no interest directly or indirectly in imported stock, nor am I actuated by any wish to subserve the interest of any man owning it, but give the honest results of impartial and calm reflection. N. OF ARKANSAS.

Turf Register.

JOHN BASCOMBE, BERTRAND, SEN., PACOLET, &c.

Aldie, Virginia, June 7, 1836.

MR. EDITOR,—While the late brilliant achievement of John Bascombe over the Long Island course, has placed him deservedly at the head of the American turf as a racer, should it not also place his sire, Bertrand, Sen. at the head of American stallions? Bascombe's race at Augusta, running four miles in 7m. 44s. proved him a horse of immense speed. The time of his race (7m. 49s. and 7m. 51½s.) with Post Boy, proves him thorough game.

Bertrand, Sen. has disappointed no one who believes in *blood*, and the still better test, *performance*. He was a capital racer. His sire, Sir Archy, had no equal as a stallion. Bertrand's dam, Eliza, by Bedford, was full sister to the celebrated Gallatin. Pacific, full brother to Bertrand, has a son, John Dawson, decidedly among the best four mile nags in the West.

Bascombe's dam was by Pacolet, which makes Argyle and him cousins. By-the-bye, the imperishable fame won for Pacolet by the great Monsieur Tonson and his brothers, is about to be eclipsed by the brilliant performances of the produce of his daughters.

Angora, the property of Gen. Desha, by imported Leviathan, the winner of the great *Logan stakes* at Nashville, and a ch. c. that run second for the same stakes, are both out of Pacolet mares. Hibernia, the property of James Jackson, Esq., thought by many to be the best two mile nag in the west, is also out of a Pacolet mare.

The four horses to the east of the mountains, that stand No. 1, are Bascombe, Post Boy, Argyle, and Mingo. Bascombe is nearly related to all three, having the same grand sire, on the sire's side with Post Boy, and on the dam's side with Argyle and Mingo, being a g. grandson of old Sir Archy.

I trust Argyle's defeat at Augusta has not disheartened his owners and friends. All parties concede that he was out of fix; had he been otherwise, though he might not have won the race, he would have, at least, placed himself creditably.

In the west, Betsey Malone, John Dawson, Linnet, Rodolph, and Angora, are esteemed the best nags for four mile heats. I think the first and third named would be troublesome even to Bascombe. Mr. Jackson sold them for $3,000 each. They were dog-cheap, and have already more than cleared themselves to their present owners. Betsey has won some twenty races, and never has been put up at all—losing but one heat (by falling).

Linnet has only lost one race (the first she run). It was a single dash of a mile, and she was jockeyed out of it—losing by only 15 inches.

Leviathan has done much for the western stock. He is a capital stallion, and without disparaging others, I would give him and Bertrand the preference over any new horses. N. OF ARKANSAS.

Ib.]

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment. One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hand over his eyes. The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which possessed so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at last the little attendant presented his tray, exclaiming, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions—"Eat, sire, it will do you good."

The Emperor looked at him, asked, "Do you not belong to Gonesse?" (a village near Paris.)

"No, sire, I come from Pierrefite."

"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire."

"*There is true happiness*," replied the extraordinary being, who was still emperor of France and king of Italy.

FEMALE CONVICTS.—"On the third morning, 200 of these viragos attacked the workmen, took from them their hammers and sledges, broke open the huge prison doors, and rushed into the town, attacking the bakers' shops, &c. The troops were ordered out, the light company of H. M. 57th regiment in advance; the women beat a retreat towards the surrounding hills, while the bugles of the troops sounded a charge; the object being to prevent the factory ladies taking refuge in the bush; which ruse, had it succeeded, would have rendered it difficult to predict whether Venus or Mars would have conquered; however, after various skirmishes or feints, and divers marches and counter marches, the drums and bugles announced a parley—the battle was considered a drawn fight—and a treaty was agreed to, in which it was stipulated that the fair combatants should march back, with the honors of war, within the gates of the factory, all delinquencies forgiven, and the usual allowance of tea and sugar restored. This little incident will give an idea of the determined character of the female prisoners at New South Wales. Martin's Oolon Liber.

AN EXILE FROM SIBERIA.—An old sub officer of the imperial guard of Napoleon, returned to Bouchain, in France, on the 10th of May, from Siberia. He exchanges the residence of Tobolsk for that of the invalids, which he is to enter on the 1st of July. This man, whose misfortunes recall those of the grand army, excites a lively interest; he is 50 years of age, but his sufferings had a greater share than years in wrinkling his brow; his feet were frozen, and he moves with the aid of crutches. Being left for dead at the battle of Moscow, he was taken prisoner and carried off to Siberia, where he has remained 25 years, his misery as well as the difficulty of communication precluding the possibility of his writing to his friends. Having, however, procured with considerable labor a certain sum of money, he was enabled to quit his frightful sojourn which Russia had allotted to the prisoners of 1812. A few other French soldiers returned with him.

LEG BAIL IN AFRICA.—Beneath the shelter of the palaver-house sat a debtor, in the miserable Bondage due to his poverty or dishonesty. The Timmanee creditor thrusts the creditor's leg through a hole in a heavy log of plum wood, and secures it with an iron bolt. The foot would be crushed but for a rope tied to the end of the log and held by the hands. Walking is scarcely possible, and confinement to one spot becomes as complete as if ensured by walls.

A Visit to Sierra Leone in 1834.

THE PINKING DINDIES.

FROM HERBERT'S IRISH VARIETIES.

It is now upwards of fifty years since Dublin was infested by an organized body of dissolute characters, composed of persons—some were sons of respectable parents, who permitted them to get up to man's estate in idle habits, without adequate means of support: others were professional students, who, having tasted the alluring fruits of dissipation, abandoned their studies, and took a shorter road to gain supplies, by means no matter how fraudulent. They were of imposing appearance, being handsome and well-made in general; so that, individually, you could not suspect them. It was by their acts only you could convict them, and they commonly pursued their schemes in parties, and by night: and they were so well prepared for battle, that the "ancient and quiet watchmen," the only protectors of the city of Dublin at that period, were worsted in almost every attempt made to subdue them; so that they were permitted to assail passengers in the streets, to levy contributions, or, perhaps take a lady from her protector; and many females were destroyed by that lawless banditti. Another vile plan they had of providing supplies—by exacting from unfortunate girls, at houses of ill-fame, their share of what they deemed booty; and for this boon each had a wife, as he called her, and, if necessary, would assist her as a bully, to awe, or compel, a flat to come down handsomely. Another source of gain they sought at a low gambling house, in Essex-street: and when unsuccessful, they sallied forth, enraged at their losses, and repaired them by robbing the first eligible subject they met in the streets. Dress, at that time, was indispensable. No gentleman was seen without a sword; if in undress, *a couteau de chasse*; if full-dressed, a small sword; and the use of the sword was well understood. The pinking dindies made it a rule to be well dressed, and, to a man, they were skilful swordsmen. Their plan of attack was thus: two of them walking arm-in-arm, jostled the victim they meant for prey; then, with their swords in their scabbards, chapeless, so that the point just protruded, they pricked him in various parts, and, if he did not throw down his watch and money, two others came and took it by force; whilst two more, in reserve, were on the watch to give alarm if any persons approached. In that case they disappeared, and had their hiding places adjacent, doors open; so that, if the punctured man was willing to pursue, he knew not where to go, but was glad to get away, bleeding and terrified.

It appears incredible, that such a practice should be endured for years, without any effort to check it effectually, and Dublin had all her nobles, gentry, citizens, mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, peers, and a garrison of soldiers—no small number.—The only way I can account for it is, that the pinks never attacked swordsmen, nor any but single men and citizens, who neither wore fine clothes nor swords; so that gentlemen never felt the pointed evil, as it did not point at them. The last achievement I recollect of one of these redoubted champions, was a robbery he committed, at eleven o'clock at night, in Fleet-street, on a merchant, who had reached home, but had not knocked at his door. The robber presented a pistol to him; the merchant delivered his watch and money, and the freebooter escaped; but the merchant recognised him as a person with whom he had been well acquainted, having been at the same school with him. The next morning he had him arrested and committed to prison. He prosecuted him. When brought to trial, Counsellor Curran defended, and exercised his wit on the occasion. The merchant swore positively to the man, and gave satisfactory evidence, which Curran, in cross-examination, attempted to invalidate. He drew from him that he had dined with a friend, and had partaken freely of the bottle; that he was returning home at nine o'clock, when he was induced to enter a tavern, and had supper of nine poached eggs and three or four tumblers of whiskey-punch. Then Curran said: "Now, sir, you have sworn positively to this man. Pray, how can you, after the confession I have heard from your lips, of so many bottles—two, at least—of wine; then, at night, a strata of poached eggs, and three or four tumblers of punch? Pray, do you not think your judgment might have been a little under the yoke?" This set the court in a roar of laughter, but, though sport to them, it was death to the delinquent, the jury pronounced him guilty. However, his character had not been so very depraved as many of his fellows; his manner was always kind and civil—prepossessing: he was as fine a figure and as handsome a man as could be seen; he had many friends from his redeeming qualities and the respectability of his family. It was his first known offence, and the jury recommended him strongly. The judge refused the recommendation. This drew forth a host of influential persons, and the case was sent to the lord-lieutenant. For some time the unfortunate fellow hung in doubt, but no more—there was no execution; nay, such interest was made for him, that he was allowed to transport himself for life. I saw him a few days before he took shipping for America. I had known him, and he stopped to speak to me; he appeared truly ashamed, and with great candor acknowledged his good fortune, so much beyond his hopes or his deserts. My readers may think me a strange character for acknowledging such a person, but I knew him before his fall and I owed my life to him once, in a case where I was attacked by ruffians who use little ceremony when enraged. The prosecution of that pink struck terror through the whole fraternity, for many of them were as liable to punishment and could easily be identified. Several went to London, and became expert at gaming-tables; two of them were enabled to obtain admission to clubs in St. James's-street, and I have often seen them walking and conversing familiarly with high fashionables. But the party of pinking dindies was never finally extirpated until the police was established. That useful institution, though decried by many, was more salutary and timely to the city of Dublin than any plan that has been since devised, coercive or otherwise; yet so capricious and unthinking are many, they condemn an establishment without proving its inefficiency; and though they suffered by want of civil protection, and have been since, and are at present, in a state of tranquillity and security, many are insensible of the acquisition they possess in a well-regulated police establishment.

ODDS AND ENDS.

BRIDAL NUPTIALS AMONG OUR SOUTHERN SLAVES.—The Grand Gulf (Missisippi) Advertiser, calls the attention of the Abolitionists to a marriage between two slaves, which took place at that town, June 18th. The bride had on a pearl colored satin dress, richly trimmed with blonds and French flowers, a head dress of crape lisse, fine white French flowers and blonde ribbon; white cornelian jewelry; fine silk stockings, satin slippers, and gloves to match. The bridegroom was also suitably dressed. The *souper* consisted in part of pound cake of various kinds; sweemeats; 28 chickens; 2 turkeys; various kinds of West Indian fruits; 5 baked pigs, &c., &c. The editor adds:—These occurrences are by no means solitary. Masters frequently give to their slaves the most splendid suppers, in which the choicest viands are seen, and the finest liquors sparkle, from claret, such as one half the abolitionists never tasted, up to enlivening champagne.

A REMARKABLE LONG NINE.—Jack had spoken his passage in the New Bedford stage, intending to ship on a whaling voyage. Just as the stage was about to start, he purchased a long-nine—one of the longest kind—which he lit, and placed in his mouth, and made a move to get into the stage. But he was taken all aback, when the driver told him he could have no smoking there. However, Jack took a stand on the sidewalk, and puffed away like vengeance. Finally, all the other passengers being in, whip called upon the sailor to take his seat, but he heeded him not, and the driver impatiently bawled out the second time. "Come, come! drop your cigar; all ready!" "Well, well, don't be in such a develish nip," muttered Jack, "let me *smoke it short enough to get into my hat*, won't you?"

The following spirited emanation from one of the *softer sex*, appeared in a late number of a Portland paper:—

"This is to certify, that I, Elizabeth Wright, wife of George Wright, have left his bed and board on account of his misconduct. I do therefore give up all right and title to him for life, as I flatter myself that I can take care of myself, as I have always done before marriage."

Two musical men met Mr. Hall on the road from Unionville to Albany, but the three did not meet in harmony. Some slight discord arising between them, one of the gentlemen called Mr. Hall a liar, whose feelings being by these means unstrung, he could not help reversing the order of things, by making the liar (lyre) strike the musician. The affair, on coming to town, was still harped upon by the musician, we referred it to the police magistrates, and were determined to shew Mr. Hall he had struck upon the wrong key.

A crazy man, named Samuel Bridge, from Philadelphia, arrived in Washington last week, and with all dignity drove up to the President's house, alighted, walked in, and demanded possession. Subsequently, he called upon the Secretary of the Treasury for the keys, and then proceeded to the house of the Secretary of the Senate, for the purpose of making arrangements for the purpose of calling an extra session of the Senate! He says it is the wish of the people of Philadelphia that he should assume the duties of President of the United States. He was taken up, and committed to safe keeping. Alexandria Gazette.

The news of the battle of Bunker Hill was carried to New-York by *express*, from the camp at Cambridge, and was *six days* on the road.

A bear weighing 300 lbs. was killed a few days since, in Chester, N. J. He proved to be an old offender, having lost two of his toes and piece of his ear in former skirmishes. The Boston Times says "he walked into town, was killed, and eaten," in short metre.

CLOCK TINKERING.—The town clock of Portsmouth was recently out of repair, and an appropriation of fifty dollars was made to put it in order. The selectmen, to *economize*, took one of the wheels to a *foundry*, and contracted to have it recast. The Portsmouth Journal says, that the man who cut the teeth, not being acquainted with clock-work, made three teeth too many in the wheel. After much trouble and a month's delay, the clock was put together, and resumed its striking, although in admirable confusion, not being particular as to numbers, going sometimes backwards, and then compensating for it by skipping two or three hours; throwing in *one* o'clock between whiles every three or four hours, and the other day it so managed, that the sun rose at one o'clock in the morning, and set again just as the clock was striking twelve.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

BY NIMROD.

Venatu invigilant pueri, silvasque fatigant;
Flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
At, patiens operum parvoque assueta, juventus
Aut rastris terram domat, aut quatit oppida bello.

VIRGIL.

Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,
Bend the tough bough, and break the prancing horse.
Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plough, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.

PITT'S *Translation.*

The magistrates of the Greek Republic encouraged music and the fine arts as a check against the ferocity of manners which their gymnastic and military exercises might have inspired; but, at the present day, we have more need of alarm lest the manly diversions should decline, and there should be "nothing left to counteract the feminine and enervating effects of luxurious and fashionable manners." We have not the Campus Martius—we know nothing of the Romana Militia; and it is to the sports of the field alone—sports so congenial to our nature—that we are to look for a counterbalance to the evil alluded to, and for the preservation of that manly character which has ever been the distinguishing feature of an English gentleman. It has even been asserted, that to sportsmen are we indebted for preserving the human race from degenerating: of this, however, we are certain, that the sports of the field promote real courage; for what chance, says a popular writer, would a regiment composed of men who could only dance, sing, and act plays, have against one composed of men who could ride, box, and shoot?

Riding is an accomplishment which has been held in the highest estimation from the very earliest ages, and was rewarded at the Olympic Games. It once formed part of the education of youth; and we find Cicero, with the vanity generally attending his writings, telling his son Marcus, that as, on account of his father's fame, the eyes of all the world would be upon him, he congratulated him on having received the praise of Pompey for his riding. Lord Chesterfield recommended this accomplishment to his son; as did Lord Chatham to his nephew; and even a Rajah of Seringapatam does not think it beneath his Imperial dignity. Hannibal, we are told, was the best horseman of his day. In his dress he differed in nothing from the ordinary men of his time; but in every thing that related to his horses and their accoutrements, he was superbly magnificent and fastidiously correct. In battle, he was the first to engage, and the last to retreat.

From the days of the young Ascanius to the present hour, riding to hounds has formed one of the chief amusements of men of all ages, and in all situations in life; and it appears by Tibullus, that there was "a painful pre-eminence" in the field in his time. That riding over a country was in fashion in the Augustan age, we learn from Virgil's* directions for breeding, where he tells us we should not leap a mare when she is in foal. Ossian compliments the son of Torran with being first in the chase; and Addison observes, that "some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others would in the dignity of Lord Chancellor." What figure these ancient Nimrods would have cut by the side of a good Meltonian of the present day, it is not in my power to conjecture. The best kings and emperors, however, encouraged all such manly exercises; and Horace wrote his *Carmen Seculare* in their praise. The pursuits of the field in particular, being more or less attended with risk, have a tendency to increase natural courage; and, by rendering men familiar with danger, make them less liable to lose their presence of mind when in it, and less anxious to get out of it. As the foil is the semblance of the naked sword, the chase is the image of war; and after all, "it is the contempt of danger which ennobles the life of a soldier."

Riding to hounds on paper, or over a bottle of wine by a good fire-side, is one thing; and riding alongside them for an hour when going their best pace over a strongly-enclosed and deep country is another. Than the one nothing is more easy—gates, stiles, brooks, and fences are all taken in stroke, and nothing is too high or too wide. Than the other nothing is more difficult—body and mind are both at work, and every now and then the "courage must be screwed up to the sticking place." Like most other things, however, there are two ways of doing it—one in comparative safety and supreme enjoyment; the other, like Damocles, at the feast, in the midst of pleasure, but in constant apprehension of destruction. All this depends on the goodness of the horse we ride, and our skill in riding him. "Hand without head" will not do, neither will head without hand. Judgment, here, must be combined with execution.

Independent of the pleasure arising from *the chase*, I have always considered a covert's side with hounds that are well attended to be one of the most lively scenes in nature. The pride of the morning, the meeting of friends, and the anticipation of diversion, contribute to raise the spirits and expand the soul. In my experience in life, I have found, or heard of, but few friendships formed on the associations of very early years; and for one lasting friendship founded at a school or college, I have known a dozen proceeding from fox-hunting; and I have no hesitation in adding, that the best introduction for a young man of fortune and fashion of the present day is to be found at Billesdon Coplow, or Oadby toll-bar.

Leicestershire is the place of all others, where riding to hounds is put to the test. The excuses of "I was the wrong side of the covert—I did not get a start, or, the hounds slipped away from me," will very seldom serve here, as every man can get a fair start if he is *awake*, and every man has an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

It is a remarkable fact, and a striking proof of the difficulty attending it, that, barring Leicestershire, there are not in other countries more than half a score of men calling themselves sportsmen and well mounted who can ride to hounds—that is to say, who can live with them for an hour over a strong country, and at their best pace. There are, however, I will venture to assert, in each of these countries twice that number of men whose nerve is equal to any fence that the others will ride at; yet, from certain causes, they cannot get near hounds; one of them shall never be a field from them, and the other shall be dead beat, or perhaps lost, before he gets half through the run if it is a good one. Nay, I will go one step farther—the one man shall ride three or four stone heavier than the other! This appears paradoxical, but every day's experience proves it. Let us endeavor to account for it.

If hounds always ran straight over a country, the difficulty of riding to them would be materially lessened. A good horse, with a good hand upon him, and boldly ridden, would nineteen times out of twenty carry a man up to them, provided no insurmountable difficulties, such as rivers, intervened: the hand, without much assistance from the head, would then do the business: but the difficulty consists in turning to hounds, and riding *inside*, and not outside of them, and thereby cutting off the angles. Whoever considers the proportion of the diameter to the circumference of a circle, will be convinced of the great advantage of riding *inside* of hounds in their turns, and avoiding angles. Hackney-coachmen in London are well aware of this. For example, let a man get into one of their coaches, and give Jarvey his direction: if his place of destination lies to his right hand, he will observe how immediately he makes his turn down the first street that leads to that direction, and *vice versa.*—Let us suppose two hackney-coachmen started at the top of the Haymarket, and were ordered to Temple-bar: let one take the first turn to the left, which is Panton-street—cross Leicester-square, along Chandos-street, and get into the Strand down Southampton-street—how much sooner would he be at Temple-bar than the other, should he make the angle of Charing Cross! This exactly applies to riding to hounds. How often have I seen one set of men riding as hard as their horses could carry them, and stopping at nothing, but still losing ground, and being beaten; when at the same time, others, better judges, were going by the side of hounds quite at their ease, and merely because they have turned *with* them, and not *after* them, by which the angles have been avoided.

There is another point in riding to hounds not sufficiently considered. Every sportsman will know what I mean by the difference between a quick horse and a fast one. Very few countries require fast horses, but all require quick ones; and a quick man upon a quick horse would beat a slow man upon Eclipse. The speed and *stride* of Hambletonian would be useless in any country, however valuable at Newmarket; but it is a quick man upon a quick horse that in nine teen countries out of twenty gets best to hounds. By a quick man, I mean one who has a good eye to the direction his hounds are going in—who turns as his hounds turn, has a good eye to practicable places in his fences, and when he comes to them, is *decisive in his determination to go at them*. In many other things besides riding over a country, he who stops to consider is lost; but in this decision is everything. The "*non progredi, est regredi,*" may be particularly applied to riding to hounds. When we stop, they are going; and catching hounds with a holding scent is what few men and horses are equal to. The celebrated Dick Knight's speech to Lord Spencer, when he hunted his hounds, proved he was of this opinion. He had just ridden over *a rasper*, which his Lord stopped to look at.—"Come along, my Lord," said Dick; "the more you look, the less you'll like it."

By a quick horse, I mean one that is quick in getting on his speed again after having been stopped at his fences, and is handy in being pulled up or turned. This is the horse that will distinguish himself in enclosed countries, where hounds seldom run, or men seldom ride straight. It was this wonderful quickness at his fences, independent of his speed, that gave that famous horse "the Clipper" such an advantage over a country when hounds ran hard. Whether the ditch was towards him, or from him, he would not suffer himself to be collected, or pulled together, therefore lost no time in his fences. He was on his speed again, as it were, before other horses had scarcely alighted on the ground. Thus taking all sorts of fences in this rapid way, without suffering himself to be collected, might do very well with Mr. Lindo on his back, but it is not every man's nerve or finger that it would suit. It enabled him, however, to go a mile and a half over a country on the Clipper, whilst many others were going a mile.

In my experience of men riding to hounds, I have made the following remark—that it is not because a man is a good horseman, that he puts his horse well at his fences, and is not afraid of them that he can live with hounds. On the contrary, I have seen numbers answering this description that never could see a run when the pace was quick. The reason of this was—*they were not quick*. They lost time at their fences, and they would not gallop. I am willing to admit that the act of *extending* a horse over rough ground, and among grips—particularly if that horse has a long stride and does not pull together—is a greater trial to nerves than the generality of fences, and is attended with more danger. The worst falls are those which happen in the open field, when horses are going at nearly the top of their speed; and it requires a finer finger to put a horse along his best pace, over rough ground, than to ride him if he knows his business, over the stiffest and most difficult fences. In the one case he sees his own danger; in the other, his rider must see for him, and, by the finger, caution him against it. It is in this way alone that I can account for so many persons that I have known and met with, who, with all the necessary qualifications for riding to hounds, as far as fencing and horsemanship are concerned, yet never see a run at the best pace, because they will not gallop.

There is another description of persons, who are generally defeated when *business is to be done*, and those are your very light weights. In my experience of fox-hunting, I have observed that men above eleven stone for the most part beat men under eleven stone—and for this reason: the very light man says, "anything will carry me;" and if he hears of a slight bit of blood, which no man of any size will buy, because he cannot carry weight, he goes and purchases him, calling him "a nice little horse to carry his weight." The consequence of this is, as force must be opposed to force, this nice little horse and his rider are knocked backwards and thrown over by fences, which a heavier man on a heavier horse would break through if he could not clear. I am no advocate for large horses, but they must have substance and weight, or they cannot get through a strong country.

Putting fences out of the question, we may view this matter in another light. We know that weight equalizes all horses of all ages and all sizes. If, therefore, a man weighing only ten stone gets horses only fit to carry ten stone, he can go no faster in a deep country than the man who weighs fifteen stone, provided he be mounted on horses equal to carry fifteen stone. This only applies to galloping; but if they come to fencing, the heavy man has it hollow. The heavy man says, "I *must* get horses to carry me:" the very light man says, "those which can carry no one else will do for me;" and thus he is too often defeated. To this must be added, in favor of the heavy man, that strength in the rider as well as in the horse, is necessary in getting a horse across a stiff and deep country where the fences are large and frequent. "The gentleman rode very well," said Buckle, the jockey, of a gentleman rider opposed to him in a race, "but he *tired before his horse;*" and this applies to the very light man over a country.

Riding to hounds, like most other things, has undergone a revolution in the march of time. Some years back, the best man was he, who after never being near the hounds for nineteen miles [supposing them to run so far], came up to them at the twentieth, and got the brush, which he carried home in triumph, under the front of his bridle. The best man now is he who goes best through the best part of the run, even should he be "dead beat" at the last. As to riding or asking for the brush, a man would as soon ask for the scalp of the huntsman's head in the regular hunting countries as for the brush of a fox. I once did see, and in one of the crack counties, a man ride over a fence into the middle of hounds as they were in the act of worrying their fox; and on the owner of them asking him why he did so, he replied that he wanted the brush. "You shall have the brush, Sir," replied the master of the pack, "and let it serve you for the rest of your life. Take off that red coat when you get home, and never come a hunting again."

There are many men, particularly those whose hunting has been confined to ploughed and light scenting countries, who can form but a faint idea of the speed of hounds in those countries which are capable of holding what is called a burning, or, more properly, a lasting scent, such as will enable hounds to *run straight*. The circumstance, however, which I am about to mention, at the same time that it will show the pace which hounds under certain circumstances are able to maintain, will warrant the assertions I have made as to the difficulty of seeing a run when the pace is very quick, as also the necessity of horses being in the very best tune to attempt it. The instance I now allude to was with the Duke of Rutland's hounds when Shaw hunted them. There was, as usual, a large field on the day I speak of; but what is very unusual in Leicestershire, the covert in which we found our fox was surrounded by a wall. This wall, in the direction the fox went off, was not to be jumped; but there was a bridle-gate, which the first man who was lucky enough to get through was Mr. John Storey [better known in the sporting world by the name of Jack Storey], on the old race-horse Cockspinner. Strange as it may appear, *Mr. John Storey upon Cockspinner was the only man who saw that run*, although it lasted but twenty-two minutes, and there was not a fence to stop any horse deserving the name of hunter. Seeing Mr. Lindo on Petruchio, and Mr. Davy—no better pilots—making for a place in the side wall, which was practicable, I followed them; but in consequence of a rail being on the other side of it, which obliged us to take it at twice, and meeting immediately with another double fence, added to the acute angle we made by going over the side wall, we never could get near the hounds. The horse I rode had just been winning Hunters' Stakes, and, as before observed, there was no impracticable fences in the way; but I never caught a sight of the pack over that fine country, until just as they were running into their fox, when I saw them on some rising ground better than a mile a head. When Shaw came up, he pulled out his watch, and exclaimed, "Beat two miles in twenty-two minutes, by G—d!"

This is one among some hundred instances of horses not being able to live with hounds unless they not only start with them; but as the speed of hounds has been ascertained to be superior to that of horses, it is absolutely necessary to enable them to live with them at their deepest rate, that they should not only not go over as much ground as they do, but by turning inside, and not outside them, they should, consequently, go over less.

In some countries, getting well away with hounds is difficult and uncertain. Where coverts are large, on windy days it is almost even betting whether a man gets a good start or not. It is true, though singular, that in woodlands foxes will often run the same line* of country for generations in succession; but this is not to be depended upon, neither is there much reliance to be placed upon the wind. I remember telling an old and very good sportsman on day in Leicestershire, that the wind would most probably take us to his country; when be observed, that by the time I had been a fox-hunter as long as he had, I should learn to trust but little to the wind. "A fox," said he, "will make his point in spite of the wind: and it is only when he finds himself pressed that he will cease to face it." This I believe to be the case; but one observation I have made is, that when a fox starts up wind, and then turns, he seldom faces it again. All they, however, who consult the wind, and ride to it, instead of to the hounds, will too often find themselves in a wrong latitude.

It is one of the drawbacks upon the pleasure of fox-hunting, that a man sometimes rides twenty miles to meet hounds, and then loses a fine run by not getting away with them. The rose, however, is not without the thorn; and this must sometimes happen in large woodlands, which most commonly produce the best foxes. As foxes generally hang a little in large coverts, the best sportsman is often puzzled how to act. If running down wind, it is difficult for him to hear them. If he follows them up and down a deep covert often, his horse is half beaten before the run begins. It is necessary to be wide awake upon these occasions; and I have always thought it to be the safer plan, when a man comes out determined to have a day's sport, to keep as near to hounds in covert as it is possible—even if he does take something out of his horse in doing so. By getting well away with them, he has not got to catch them, which may be still more against him than even going two or three times up and down a deep ride in a covert. At all events, a sportsman's object is to be with hounds; and it is better to be with them on a horse half beaten, than to be riding about the country asking the old question, "Did you see the hounds?" on a fresh one.

The following anecdote is in point. A gentleman of large fortune, well known in Staffordshire, was out with the late Mr. Meynell when he hunted Leicestershire, and in those days was going "with high and vent'rous sail." Coming to a river which had much overflowed its banks, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and swam for a considerable distance. The first man who got around by a bridge was Lord Forester, who, getting on the line with them, asked a countryman whether he saw the hounds. "Oh yes," said the fellow, "I seed 'em—but you will never seem 'em no more; they have been gone this quarter of an hour."—"Who was with them?" said his Lordship. "*No one but the miller,*" was the reply. "*and he was riding most nation hard to be sure.*" This was Mr. G—— in his shirt.

Had hunting and the present spirited manner of riding to hounds been practised as we practised them in earlier times, I cannot help thinking that they would have formed a fine subject for a pastoral or an epic poem, in the hands of Theocritus or Virgil, when dressed in the lustre of their language, and adorned with their "living words." Such a poem would have been read with unmingled feelings of delight. The twang of the horn, the echo of the woods, the cry of the hounds, the cheers of the huntsmen, and the ardor of the riders, would not have been interrupted by the recollections of countries wasted by want, or cities depopulated by the sword. What a contrast would the cheerful and happy scenes of the sportsman present to the blood-stained career of the hero! As Bellona is represented by the poets in language too horrible to read, Diana, though bent on the pleasures of the chase, is painted with all the attractions of her sex, and in the elegant simplicity of nature. The epithets applied to this sporting goddess are said to be the happiest in the Latin language.

Although we have but an imperfect idea of the manner in which the ancients hunted their hounds, and got across a country after them, yet we are satisfied that they did both. We are also satisfied that, amongst those who wrote upon domestic economy, there were many good judges of hounds and horse, particularly of the latter. Instead of taking up a Scotch novel, which I could not read, or a fashionable canto which I could not understand, it has been my practice, when wiling away a tedious hour, to look in the books which I read in my youth. I have been forcibly struck with some passages that I have met with in them relating to the horse, which so exactly accord with my own ideas of what a hunter should be, that I shall take leave to mention them.

Pliny has the following remarkable sentence:—"Equi sine frænis, deformis ispe cursus, rigida cervice, et extento capite, currentium," which we may safely translate thus: horses that go with a stiff neck, and their noses poked out and not pulling together in their stride, are unfit to carry a gentleman. How to choose a colt for a hunter, we cannot improve upon Virgil's advice. Let him be well bred, says he, and tread well on his pasterns. Of his courage—so essential to a first-rate hunter—he says, he should be the first to lead the way, to dash through the stream, and to trust himself on thhe unknown bridge. The "primus et ire viam," is all that we could wish or ask for. Varro says we should choose one that is the first to plunge into a stream without waiting for his companions; and Columella, one which is afraid of nothing; who goes faster than the rest, and particularly, "si fossam *sine cunctatione* translit." How exactly a brook jumper!

The form of a horse seems to have been well understood by these ancient writers. Virgil and Horace speak of the "ardua cervix," by which, no doubt, they meant to imply carrying the head in a good place. They also speak of the neat head, and Varro recommends caput "*non magnum*," but not a small head, which is certainly a defect.

The necessary points to carry weight were not overlooked. The broad back and double chine are mentioned by several of them, as well as the wide chest; but Virgil's "luxuriatque toris, animosum pectus," is expressive of the power and spirit of a fine hunter. The "tori" I take to be the brawny swellings of the muscles of the breast, which are so apparent in some horses, and which word is applied by the same author to the lion. I have never met with any observations on bone; but in their descriptions of this fine animal they descend to the most minute points, such as the nostrils, which they tell us should not be narrow, but they do not say that they should be wide, which they certainly should not be. They apply the epithet "hilaris" to the temper, which implies everything we could wish—lively, but docile. As to the color, Virgil is not quite so intelligible. He say horses are reckoned stout (honesti), as also greys; but condemns the white. Now as I believe there never was a white foal, it is difficult to separate the virtues of the one from the other.

In one point of view, our present method of riding to hounds bears some analogy to ancient times. It is a sort of Saturnalin amusement, in which all ranks and privileges are set aside, and he that has the best horse and the best nerves takes the precedence for the day. A butcher's boy upon a pony may throw the dirt in the face of the first Duke in the kingdom. This, however, though little thought of, is one of the many advantages arising from a land of liberty.

In proportion to the number of young men of family and fortune that are rising up in the world, will be the proportion of the different occupations and diversions which their several inclinations will lead them to pursue. Nature, however, has something to do with this; for some bodies are less vigorous than others, and must be content with diversions of a less fatiguing description than hunting, which, when followed, is the most laborious of all pursuits of the field; and he who pursues it in earnest should be in proportion as strong and as sound as the horse he rides.

It was remarked by a Northamptonshire Baronet, too universally distinguished for his knowledge of hunting, and his determined and desperate manner of riding to hounds, to require any mention of his name—that he considered it part of a man's moral duty to preserve his health for the sake of riding to hounds! That it is part of every man's *moral* duty to avoid dissipation, and to take care of his constitution, no one will dispute; and that men who are devoted to hunting generally live temperately, those who live with them can best testify. Without temperance, the fatigue of hunting five or six days a week would exhaust the strongest constitution. Hard work, or what we call "severe exercise," wears the human frame by attrition; but if that attrition be increased by the excitement of drinking and a quick pulse, the machine will be the sooner worn out. Nevertheless, as strong exercise is a preservative against the penalties of high feeding, he who takes the greater share of the one may indulge with more impunity in the other. The man, however, who wishes to distinguish himself in the field, *and to continue to do so* for the best part of his life, must be temperate. The muzzle must now and then be put on himself, as well as his horse; but *non misere vivit qui parce vivit*," is a maxim too old and too true to be disputed or doubted.

Few men have tried the effect of hard work more than myself. For several years of my life I have had horses with three different packs of hounds–choosing the best fixtures for the day with each. As may be imagined, I have had plenty of road-work, besides hunting; and, when the weather has been open, my time may be said to have been almost divided between my saddle and my bed. I never knew what it was to be fatigued provided I lived temperately, and went early to rest; and such a life bade defiance to disease. A very celebrated physician of the last century was in the habit of giving much such a prescription to his patients: "Live," said he, "in the saddle." That riding is the most wholesome of all exercises I have little doubt, for despite of all the vile stuff that finds its road down his throat, who ever heard of a bilious post-boy!

To return to my subject. As

"without a genius, learning soars in vain,"

so is riding to hounds like the inspiration of the muse. It must in some degree be born with a man, or he will never excel in it. He must possess judgment, temper, coolness, and courage; and even then, though these good properties may receive their birth with himself, yet they must be perfected by practice and observation. A madman or a coward are equally unfit for the business; but under any circumstances, as *Humphrey Clinker observes*, he must serve an apprenticeship to it. As far, however, as nature is concerned, the form of man has a good deal to do with it; for it is impossible that any one with a round thigh and a large calf to his leg can have a perfect seat on his horse, and without a good seat he cannot have a good hand.

The hand on a horse I take to proceed also from other causes. I conceive it to be intimately connected with the nervous functions of the digestive organs—and here again is the necessity for temperance and regular living in those who wish to excel in the field more particularly enforced.

The advantages of a fine hand on a horse are, no doubt, of the very highest importance in riding a race, but not more so than in riding over a country; and if a horse could speak he would say, "ride me with a fine hand and an easy bit." A horse's ear is said to be in his mouth; and it is from the bit that he receives the wishes and instructions of his rider.

The *art* of riding has been but little cultivated in this country, nor do I think much benefit would be derived from it if it were. That the menage was known in the time of Augustus is evident; but that any advantage could be gained by teaching a horse, by severe and painful discipline, to dance a capriolo, or a cornetti, I never could bring myself to imagine, unless the object were to fit him for the stage or the circus. As for the lessons of a riding-master, they may be essential to a good military seat, or to teach an Englishman to ride like a Frenchman; but they never will teach a man how to ride, and make the most of his horse over a country. With the assistance of nature, he must teach himself; but whether he is to be an apt scholar must depend on a variety of circumstances.

The many instances of falls which I have seen from the effect of a bad hand are innumerable; but as the head of a horse may also be termed the rudder that steers him, if the helmsman is a bad one, a capsize must often be the consequence. On the other hand, it is not within the power of my pen to describe the benefit of a fine, but firm and steady, hand on the hunter when going at a rapid pace across a country. We all recollect some years ago, that the late Sam Chifney talked and wrote about a new method of riding the racer with a slack rein; but this was theory, which, even with his fine finger and superior horsemanship, could not be put into practice. We also remember, that a few years back it was considered stylish to ride the hunter with his head quite loose. It is certainly pleasing to see one so perfect as to be capable of being so ridden; but I confess it yet remains for me to see a man keep up with hounds for an hour at their best pace with a slack rein. When they are going with a bad scent, it is possible, perhaps, to be done; but even then, if the horse, as I before observed, could speak, he would ask for a little assistance where the ground was deep and distressing.

One of the principal advantages arising from a fine finger on a hunter is in handing him over his fences, so as to prevent a greater exertion of his powers than is necessary to get safely over them. To those horses which carry high weights, this style of riding is most beneficial; and to the practice of it is Mr. Maxse indebted for the front-rank place he has so long held among the Meltonians.

I well remember the first time that this fine effect of superior hand struck me so forcibly, and that was the first time I ever hunted in Leicestershire, when Lord Forester was in his prime. I had seen him out several times in *provincial countries* on his friends' horses when on a visit at their houses, but I had never seen him in Leicestershire. On the day I allude to we had a sharp burst of about half an hour. Lord Forester (then Mr. Cecil Forester) was mounted on *Bernardo;* and thinking that I could not fix upon a better pilot, I followed him at a humble distance, but sufficiently near to him to remark the superiority of his style of riding, *and to account for his being able to make horses live an hour under his weight, which could not live more than forty minutes under much lighter men. It arose* from his very superior manner of handing them over their fences, and husbanding their powers, by preventing them from leaping higher or further than was absolutely necessary to clear the fences he put them at. The fences we met with were strong; but so easily did he seem to get over them, that they appeared trifling, until I came to them, when I found them quite large enough to be agreeable.

* Non saltu superare viam sit passus.

* I have seen many instances of this at a covert called Alveston Pastures, near Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, a place which has afforded several brilliant runs. Unless foxes break for Mr. West's coverts, they almost invariably come away to Sir Charles Mordant's woods, beyond which is as fine a country as any in England. To avoid sinking the hill, and a very bad brook, all those who know the circumstance are in the habit of going along a road for about a mile, whence they can command the hounds by the time they can settle to their fox. On a particular day, however, when Lord Middleton hunted Warwickshire, I remember Colonel Berkeley and his two brothers were out, when, not knowing of this nick, they followed the hounds down the meadows, when, contrary to the usual practice, the fox did not cross the brook, but turned short to the left, down a fine vale for Wellesburn, and the three brothers alone saw the run. This was almost a solit[illegible] fox taking that direction.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1836.

OLLAPODIANA.

Our neighbor of "The Spirit of the Times," in a late number of his pleasant sheet, describes himself, when reclining on his couch at even, as "a line of linked sweetness long drawn out." The merry portion of his readers—those who consider the concoctor of a good joke, a much greater man than the author of an epic-poem, are congratulating themselves that he is 'at length drawn out'—and hail the re-appearance of a few of Corinthian Tom's "Short Straws," as an earnest that they may yet hope for an occasional sprinkling of those magnificent "flares up," which were wont to make them "shake their fat sides with laughter" in days gone bye.—For ourself, we almost fancied we had been "slumbering beneath the drums and tramplings of three Conquests," since the utterance of his last good thing.
Emigrant & Old Countryman.

As an epilogue to Henry IV. says, "If you look for a good speech now you undo me, for what I have to say is of mine own making." Were we compelled to regale our readers with a dish of *Salmagundi* every Saturday, we should class ourselves among the reprobates spoken of by St. Paul, who had been given up by Divine Providence "to do those things *which are not convenient.*" The fact is, we are so circumscribed in the scope of subjects, as not to have room to sling a cat. Could we dip into politics now, we might blow Amos Kendall sky high, scalp Mr. Nick Biddle, overthrow the Opposition with a San Jacinto paragraph, or knock down and drag out the subsidized editors, and kick the Abolitionists in Congress into the middle of next week. Or were we at liberty to discuss theological matters, we might righteously write Fanny Wright not right, or be as redolent of fire and brimstone as a box of Lucifer Matches. Ten chances to one if we but allude to Maria Monk, the little foot of the Chinese Lady, or Helen Jewett, or Miss Martineau, or any other "Mysterious Lady," always excepting "The Girls Up-Town," some romping miss or prudish madam is ready to box our ears. Our country women, like early woodcocks, are shy of a good shot, in the shape of joke or story, (if a lady's in the case), and you might as well try to catch birds by throwing salt on their tails, as to persuade one of them to swing in a kitchen-garden—because the potatoes have eyes! Hence we view, as an amateur deacon of Barkhampstead would say, that the perpetration of "Short Straws" is, in the eloquent language of Mr. *James* Crow, "mighty diffikill." To use a strong expression it is an out-and-out no go, "it being pretty impossible"—to make a severe remark—"to communicate ideas to others whereof we are not first possessed ourselves." However, our friend of "The Emigrant" is an all sorts of a good fellow, and by the time he learns to multiply 2 by 2 so as to make 5 the product, or we get so strong in the arms as to be able to lift our heels from the ground by the waistbands of our indescribables, we shall esteem ourselves as an item maker, worthy of his expressed opinion, and will then 'flare up' to his heart's content.

An amateur omnibus driver on "the saucy Broadway line," in essaying to give an imitation of Mason's *Mr. Splasher* (in the Unfinished Gentleman), by touching a fly off a near leader, last Sunday, ran his "infernal machine" against a lamp-post, which was capsized, while the shock sent him heels over head into the gutter. We are concerned to hear little hope is entertained of the recovery of the poor—lamp post.

The Herald announces as having departed this wicked world, for another and a worser, the Rev. editor of the Journal of Commerce, who cut his stick on Monday last, after suffering excruciating pain from his snout to the tip of his tail, occasioned by Hydrophobia. The Herald, from which the above facts are gathered, has reference to an unlucky cur named *after* the editor aforesaid, and who is reported to have gone into fits from Bennett's having thrown a sort of an oblique squint at him round a corner, which used him up as the Dutchman did the ghost, by shooting a crooked gun at it round a side-hill, loaded with charmed gooseberries and a rat-tailed file.

MAD DOGS.—Four, and two legged, are spreading death and alarm through the city of New-York. If Western merchants wish to do their business without being bitten, knocked down, or robbed, they had better come to Boston. The Gothamites have become so desperate that they even rob negro women.
Boston Morning Post.

Yes, and serve up the fingers and toes of their poor little children, instead of capers and truffles at our Corporation dinners! As to the Western Merchants they do stand a pretty fair chance here of being bit, knocked down or robbed—one or the other—but if they go to Boston, they are robbed, of course, and then it is Hobson's choice whether they shall be knocked down and bitten, or bitten first and knocked down afterwards!

Every house and every shed in Pottsville is occupied, so great has been the increase of the place. In fact, so much are they driven for room, that many of the young are forced to forego their matrimonial agreements for a time.
Evening Star.

From all accounts, some of them ought soon to be "licensed to fall together by the ears," as Grumio said of "Kate the curs'd" and Petruchio, for reasons well known to the Alms House Commissioners of Pottsville, who, in counting what Charles Lamb (in Elia) terms "lactiferous animalculæ, much desiderated by those who never had any"—in other words, children, are not only in the habit of carrying one for every ten, but reckoning them thirteen to the dozen!

A "RARA AVIS."—It is stated in a Boston paper, that there is a lawyer in Concord, Mass., whose affirmation is believed by those who know him.
Baltimore Transcript.

We are sorry this man is likely to be ruined professionally from this story having got bruited abroad. He will be "thrown over the bar" in three weeks, and may esteem himself lucky if not taken up before long on suspicion of poverty.

The last number of the Montreal Daily Herald, announces, viz.:—

GREAT ATTRACTION AT THE THEATRE ROYAL!!!—His Excellency Lord Gosford, Governor in Chief, may be seen this evening at the Theatre Royal.

Later advices from Montreal have not reached us, or we might have caused the hearts of our readers to throb by detailing how, as His Excellency arrived, a low suppressed murmur ran through the theatre, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst—how the multitude became uncovered and stood "all amazement and stupefaction"—how His Excellency took a whitey-brown handkerchief out of his left hand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, tenderly stroked his chin, looked complacently around, and then sat down, with other scenes equally awful, sublime and impressive, that may now die in oblivion.

A paper, called the "People's Press," published either in Maine or North Carolina, there or thereabouts, tells a capital anecdote of one Joe Socabasin, an Indian of the Penobscot tribe, after this wise. It appears that Joe, not long since, was sued for the sum of five dollars, by a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of the trial Joe made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and costs, at the same time he demanded a receipt in full. "Why, Joe, it is not usual, it is entirely unnecessary." "O, yes, we want'um receipt, sartin." "I tell you, Joe, a receipt will do you no good." "Sartin, Squire Johnson, I want'um." "What do you want it for, Joe?" "Oh, spose me die and go to Heaven—then spose they say—'Well, Joe Socabasin, you owe any man now?' Then me say 'No.' 'Very well, did you payum Ben Johnson?' 'O yes, me payum" 'Well then, spose you showum receipt?' Then me have to go away off down—and run all over h—l, to huntum up Squire Johnson."

The habit of "Calling out" professional people on the stage at the close of their performances has at length become a perfect nuisance, and we are pleased to see manifestations among our play-goers, that hereafter the practice will be "more honored in the breach than in the observance." We have no objections to aiding and abetting a case, however, like the one annexed, from the June number of the London New Monthly:—

A LEADER "CALLED OUT."—Mr. B———, the provincial manager, who visits several towns, within forty miles of the metropolis, (Guildford, Reading, Croydon, &c.), engaged a new leader to the band, a very efficient musician; but this gentleman was eternally teasing Mr. B——— with hopes that he wouldn't go to Croydon. "What has Croydon done to you?" asked the manager. "Are you in debt there?" "No." "Have you a wife there?" "No." A dozen interrogatories were negatived, and the mystery remained unravelled. At length the company actually did go to Croydon, and sore against his will, the luckless leader too. He had scarcely taken his seat on the first night, when a voice from the gallery exclaimed, "Who sawed the man's legs off?" Next night, and every night after, another, and another caller came, and the last call was louder than the former. At length the leader sent in his resignation. "I can bear it no longer, Sir." "Bear what, Sir?" said Mr. B———, who had never applied the gallery exclamation to his leader. "Why, don't you hear 'em calling out every night, 'Who sawed the man's legs off?'" "To be sure I do, but it's some slang phrase, and what can it matter to you?" "Everything, Sir," "Why, *did you* ever saw a man's legs off?" "Alas! Sir, I was a small undertaker in this town once, and having mismeasured a coffin for the workhouse, I was obliged to cut off the legs of the corpse to put them in it. This got air, and by this cry they hunted me out of town."

They have *such* a way of doing things at Vicksburg! Only read the following extract from the "Register" of that city, the editor of which, Cyrus Griffin, Esq., at present is in town:—

MRS. HERBERT'S BENEFIT.—It will be recollected that Mrs. KNIGHT, at her benefit invited the Vicksburg Volunteers, by whom she was very politely treated, receiving from them the present of two hundred dollars. Mrs. Herbert, not wishing to be excelled in politeness, invited to her benefit the Mechanic Association of Vicksburg, numbering between six and eight hundred. They did not all attend, however; but those who were present, determined not to be excelled in liberality, deputed a committee, who between the play and farce, proceeded upon the stage, crowned Mrs. H. with a most splendid wreath, and what was more substantial, placed in her hand a beautiful little box containing *one thousand dollars!* What will our friend Porter of the Spirit of the Times think of the "*Lynchers* of Vicksburg" now?

Think? Why, that the Lynchers of Vicksburg go ahead of all creation in *elevating* gamblers and "doing the clean thing" by the ladies. We give them credit in the premises, and shall consider their generosity to Mrs. Herbert an offset to their justice to the loafer they "tucked up" on suspicion of horse stealing one day, of whom it is told, that after being brought into the Court House, he was *accused* of the same, and forthwith sentenced by Mr. Justice Lynch to receive fifty lashes, which after being well laid on, the prisoner was kindly informed that as the Court had not jurisdiction to try his case, he might appeal! We are not quite certain that Judge Lynch held his Court at Vicksburg at the time referred to, and if not, why the Lynchers shall have a big mark set down to their credit. If theatrical ladies are all to be "Lynched" after this fashion, the administrators of Lynch Law at Vicksburg will find their hands full. Indeed, we should have no objection to be "sarved out" ourselves a few times.

MEN OF STRAW.—Those who have been weeping over the fate of the two men who were recently seen taking the awful plunge of the Niagara Cataract, waving their hats to the people on shore, may dry their tears. The gentlemen who performed the feat were prepared for the occasion—having been made and placed in the boat for the identical purpose, by some ingenious young artists who had nothing better to do. The adventurers were not injured by the fall—although they fell to pieces.
N. Y. Sun.

Those who read the original lachrymose paragraph announcing the sad fate of the two poor fellows thus "hurried into eternity," must allow that the way they swung their hats to their friends on shore, as was represented, was an interesting and *rather* singular fact, as evidencing the possession of moral courage in an eminent degree—for men of straw.

Among the thousand toasts with which the newspapers are filled, occasionally one that may be *read* presents itself, as the following, collected by the editor of the Emigrant, abundantly prove:—

At Newbern, N. C—"The ladies of North Carolina—our arms their protection—their arms our reward."

At Mobile, by the Typographical Society:—"*General Samuel Houston—a double cylinder Napier*, which *strikes off* 650 Mexicans in fifteen minutes.

"*The cause of Texas*—The *first edition* is admirable, and commands a wonderful sale—the *second edition* is soon to be worked off, the efforts of 7000 Mexicans to suppress it to the contrary notwithstanding."

"The army of Texas—Their manner of using their *shooting sticks* and *distributing* their *balls*, prove them to be finished workmen.

At Bangor, Me., by a Fireman:—"The Fair—The only *incendiaries* that vanquish Firemen—*a policy of mutual insurance* is our sole protection."

Englishmen say that to procure genuine Port wine, one must go to Oporto, make his own wine, and ride home astride the barrel. Delavan says that to get genuine ale in this country, people must brew for themselves.
Albany Daily Advertiser.

We wonder if the "Connah Port" was imported to New York in this way? It might have happened, for "every fool knows" the three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a tub!

The "Flints and Dungs" in the British Parliament, "catch it" now and then from the Conservative press; *e. g.*:—

"What's the use of these *standing* committees?" was the honest inquiry of a wise member of the 'lower house' the other day.—"For my part," said he, "I want a place where I can sit down, so I hope they'll keep me off from them.—Standing always was hard work for me."

The Boston papers chronicle the arrival in that city, among other *fashionables*, of the "fat, fair, and forty" Rosina Townsend, with several of her proteges. Robinson, "the great unhanged," is said to have gone to fight the *murdering* Mexicans. "Hail fellows, well met."

A country editor (*vide* the Old Countryman), gives the following instance of of what is considered "fair play" in his part of the world, and adds, he is not alone in his affliction, therefore, let him be comforted.

FAIR TRADE.—"I have a little advertisement in your paper this morning, Mr. Printer; you can let me have five or six of your papers, I suppose, and not charge me any thing."—"Certainly, sir. When a man goes into your store and buys a vest pattern, I presume he gets a 'hand saw gratis.'"

The editor above forgot to state, we presume, that having got his half dozen papers, his "patron" asked him for another to read himself, and then borrowed his dictionary and an umbrella.

The gratefulness of some people, when obliged, is astonishing! Dr. Shepherd, of this city, returning from Albany a few days since, picked up on the deck of the boat, a wallet containing about $300, which he restored to the loser, who observed, on receiving it—"Well, upon my word I am obliged to you for picking this up—I take it you must be an honest fellow, eh!!!"

PASSENGERS LOOK OUT!—An advertisement of the Boston Rail Road says:—"Passengers will be *despatched* in the cars." And what is more, when married men are "*despatched*," the Rail Road Company only charge half price to take their families to the Poor House.

The following agricultural paragraph is from the Boston Morning Post:—"*How is crops?*"—Why, corn, tolerable—wheat aint none, "but RYE and TATES—Oh Lordy!!"

Who shall dispute that the Mercantile Advertiser is not "cutting it fat" in the way of early intelligence? The following was its Postscript last Tuesday:—

"☞ In advance of the Mails! *No* news!"

A. B. Meek, Esq., the editor of the Flag of the Union, at Tuscaloosa, has been appointed Attorney General of Alabama. The Advertiser says that "Mr. Meek is only 18 or 20 years of age, and probably first saw Blackstone about six months since!!" So much the better; instead of poring over Blackstone he has been editing a newspaper, and if that won't make a judge of a man we are no judge.

In a late number of a Maryland paper we observe a "Caleb Quotem" advertising his wares, and gravely returning his sincere thanks for the liberal encouragement he has received from his fellow citizens, in the *wheelwright* and *butcher* business. He likewise takes the liberty to inform them that he has provided himself with a *hearse*, and materials for making coffins, and that he will be at all times ready to attend to any calls in the *shoe-making* and *blacksmithing* business, and that he is prepared to fill up his time by *fiddling at pig shaves.*
N. Y. Emigrant.

The measure of his duties would be full but for one material reason—he offers to furnish people with wooden surtouts, (termed *coffins* in the "vulgar tongue,") without also advertising himself as a *wet* nurse!

A terrible storm in a teapot is brewing in the country about us poor suffering citizens of New-York, to which Maj. Noah thus refers:—

☞ A country subscriber throws up the Star in despair, because Robinson and Jewel were not convicted, and declares that New-York city is "Belzebub's back kitchen in the dog days." We must make it convenient to hang some one to appease public clamour—that's flat.

FLATTERING.—The Sunday Morning News of yesterday, in noticing Hamblin's admirable personation of *Rienzi*, in the popular drama of that name, says that he introduces too much of the legitimate style of acting in this piece, for which the learned pundit avers, the New Yorkers have no taste.
N. Y. Transcript.

The above extract must be a misprint, we suspect, Hamblin's "style of acting" being decidedly the *il*-legitimate. He has been engaged now for several years in "fostering talent" at that "nursery of native genius," the Bowery. A great many "first appearances" have been made there, and the new "pieces" that have been "got up," and the number of new "characters" that have been "produced," are a sin to Crockett. As to his "legitimate style of acting," we leave that to *Judges*, with the simple remark that some of it *speaks* for itself!

M. Durepaire, a practised duellist, was lately killed by Mons. Sirey, for insulting the father of the latter, Mr. S. was wounded three times.
Evening Star.

Where did this happen, Major, at Timbuctoo or John o' Groats?—Not that we are a great deal interested about it, only a body likes to know, you know.

"Caldwell has authorized his agent in London," the Star says, "to offer Madame Malibran 10,000 pounds sterling for one year's engagement in the United States." Why, she would make nearly that at home in the time necesary for her voyage back and forth. Tickets will be sold at a premium if she ever comes. If Celeste made $75,000 last year, what should prevent Malibran from realizing an equal sum? Could we *whisper* in the ear of Mr. Stephen Price, we would *shout*, "never mind the price, Mr. Price! Give her £15,000!"

A joke is going the rounds, that Buffalo is so full of people, a gentleman visitor proposed returning to New York to get out of the crowd. Here's a better one, however, from the Montreal Herald:—

Business is so brisk at Buffalo, and the side-walks so crowded by pursons hurrying to and fro, that one of the merchants declares in a daily paper, that he has generally to stand from fifteen minutes to half an hour, with a quid of tobacco in his hand, waiting for an opportunity to throw it into the street without hitting some one.

Why did'nt he give a boy a shilling to hold it for him?

The Ontario Repository, in this State, gives the following extract of a letter from a son of the Emerald Isle there to one of his friends at home:—

"My Dear Jim.—Come to swate Ameriky, and come quickly. Here you can buy praties for 2 shillings a bushel, and whiskey the same; a dollar a day for digging, and no hanging for staling. Och! come," &c.

"That's a lie, old Ferrett!" The Emeralders never steal, though for drinking, fighting, and making love, they "just bate the world intirely."

Greene of the Boston Post is no green-horn at a joke: *e. g.*:—

YANKEE WIT.—A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and gaudily colored, and with a looking glass in front, to some one not remarkable for personal charms. "Why, its beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" "Then, mister," replied Jonathan, "guess you'd better buy one that ha'nt got no looking-glass."

We pity the denizens of that ilk, if "every dog has its day" in Boston. Read this dogmatical pun from The Emigrant:—

A peripatetic citizen of Boston, taking his usual morning stroll lately, counted thirty-one dogs between the crossing of the Worcester Rail Road and State-st. We can now understand why Boston is styled the *litter*-ary emporium.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. MAEDER and BARNES have appeared at the Park since their arrival in town, as volunteers for the benefit of their old friends; each was greeted cordially by their many admirers. Barnes is yet undetermined what to do with himself the next season; we hope he may not have reason to say with Mercutio, "a plague of both your houses!" Mrs. Maeder, with her husband, sail next month for England, after an absence, on her part, of almost ten years. Her receipts within that time are estimated by competent judges to have been not less than $250,000! Tickets have never been sold at auction in this city since during an engagement of hers at Old Drury nearly eight years ago. Estimable as a woman, and an ornament to her profession, it would be a difficult task to designate one more worthy of the patronage extended to her by the public, whose good wishes attend her, though seas divide them.

Mrs. SHAW, a very pretty woman from the Liverpool theatre, made her debut at the Park last Monday, as *Marianna*, in The Wife. The cast of the piece was *passe*, and when it is remembered that Fanny Kemble and Miss Phillips, to say nothing of Mrs Chapman, Drake, Sharpe, Emma Wheatley, Mary Vos, and a score of others, have appeared as the heroine about ten times each, on an average, we think it will be conceded that the lady and her friends had no right to expect any other result than that which occurred: the performance went off tamely, without making the slightest impression. Mrs. Shaw has since appeared as *Juliet*, and though we saw but the last act, it impressed us quite favorably as to her powers. The audience generally seemed pleased with her style, while the bucks and critics, at "*The Shakspeare*," an hour after, voted her face and person "unexceptionable," as they discussed their juleps. All agree that she improves upon acquaintance, and are disposed to think, with *Lord Tinsel*, that "She'll do."

The dancing between the play and farce of Mrs. LEWIS and Miss KERR, on the off nights, has been the principal attraction of the week. The latter is from Boston, and is engaged for next season at the Franklin. Mrs. LEWIS has been playing *Imogene*, *Bianca*, etc., and very creditably too, considering that she is the best Richard and "the noblest Roman of them all"—in petticoats, if we except Mrs. PRITCHARD. She takes a benefit next week—let it equal Mr. SIMPSON's last night, which was a bumper readily accorded and well deserved.

The Franklin theatre opens on Monday next with a very clever company. During the recess the house has been repainted and embellished throughout. A new drop curtain by *Grain*, we hear is particularly beautiful; Kurek, the Pole, is the new leader of the orchestra. Miss Anne J. Kerr, and Jos. Jefferson will be no little acquisition to the stock company, the latter having "shown" but seldom on the boards. The following is a list of the *dramatis personæ* of the Franklin:—Messrs. Wm. Sefton, John Sefton, W. R. Blake, J. M. Brown, J. Jefferson, Jno. Stickney, J. D. Thoman, Senior, Goodenow, Manly, Anderson, Huntley, Collingbourne; Mesdames Blake, Stickney, Miss Anne J. Kerr, Ann Anderson, Verity, Sands, Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. WATSON takes a benefit on Monday evening next at Niblo's, and offers a remarkably attractive bill, which may be referred to on our last page. All the fashionable people in town are expected, and as the ladies will put on their sweetest smiles, we would suggest to strangers and single gentlemen to leave their hearts at home.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated, CINCINNATI, *July* 18th, 1836.

My Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your mention of our theatre in yours of the 9th inst. "Histrionics" are a mighty vain set of fellows, and a notice, occasionally, does them a deal of good, when coming through the columns of such a paper as yours. They have been playing the *Jewess* here, in great style, to the most brilliant succession of audiences that have ever graced the seats of a Cincinnati theatre. Mrs. PRITCHARD is now figuring in *The Brigand*, and *Tour de Nesle*. Hill (Fred. S.) has in his corps dramatique Long Tom Coffin Scott,—a very excellent actor,—Farren, of Bowery memory; Tom Williamson, Wills, a comedian of the Jefferson school, full of rich, quiet, racy humor, and one of the greatest favorites in his way in the Western Country. The principal feature in the female department, is Miss Russell.

We have received from Flash, Rider & Co. of Cincinnati, a new tragedy, by N. H. Bannister, of the Southern and Western theatres, entitled "Gaulantus," which, if not stolen previously, we intend to read one of these days should we have leisure.

NEW MUSIC.—Endicott, 359 Broadway, has just sent us three beautiful Ballads—What is Love—Trim the Lamp, and On the banks of the Dee, besides John Reeve's song of All round my Hat. They are published with pretty vignettes, that every charming spinster would be glad to see in her music books. We merely throw out this hint to "attentive" young gentlemen; the ladies "expect every man to do his duty."

Atwill, at his Music Saloon, has a great variety of new *things* which are worth going to see. Every body about town knows where it is, and strangers at will may find Atwill.

Sporting Intelligence.

From our Correspondents.

A Match-race for $5000 a-side, half forfeit, to come off February, 1837, at Natchez, Miss., has been concluded:—

Col. O. Claiborne names *Antelope*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon.

Mr. J. J. Gooch names *Jim Polk*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet.

Also a Match-race for $2000 a-side, half forfeit, two mile heats, Feb. 1837, at Natchez.

Col. O. Claiborne names *Cassandra*, by Stockholder, dam by Gibb.

Mr. A. Youree names *Margery Greer*, by Stockholder.

Messrs. G. A. Sublett & Co. of Murfreesboro, Tenn., have bought from J. B. Henley, of Memphis, his horse *Andrew Jackson*, by Virginian, dam by Sir Arthur, for $1700.

Col. Smith of Murfreesboro, bought *Parasol* and colts, and not Mr. Youree, as I reported, writes a correspondent.

Mr. L. Cox has bought of Mr. James Bass, of Murfreesboro, for John J. Gooch, Esq., Vernon, Miss., a bay filley, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, for $2000; also, *Kinloch*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, for $3000.

Mr. Harrison, of Alabama, has bought from Mr. Arthur Cotten two of his 2 and 3 years old fillies by Sir Richard, dam by Pacific.—Price $800.

Mr. Murfree, of Murfreesborough, Tenn., wishes to get the pedigree of a sorrel mare, aged 23 years, by Diomed, raised by I. Leadbetter, Esq., of *Va.*

A man of the name of Gregory, of Murfreesborough, offers to bet any amount, that he will take a running jump, on a dead level, of 24½ feet.

Stock of Col. Robert Smith, *of Murfreesborough, Tenn.*

1. A bay mare, Mary Smith, by Richard, dam by Oscar, with a colt filly named Courtne'anna' Claiborne.
2. Mare Parasol, by Napoleon, dam by Topgallant, with a filly by Leviathan—name, Micky Smith.
3. One year old sorrel filly, by Leviathan, dam Parasol, named Lavina.
4. Two year bay filly, by Leviathan, dam Parasol, named Helen Davis.
5. Two year sorrel filly, by Leviathan, dam unknown named Miss Sumner.
6. A gray mare, by Virginian, dam Medley, named Miss Rambo.
7. A bay filly, by Conqueror, named Dink.
8. A grey stallion, 4 ys. old, by Richard, dam by Pacolet, named Longtail Blue.
9. A sorrel colt, 3 ys. old, full brother to Longtail Blue, named Leigh Claiborne.
10. A 3 year old colt, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, named Santa Anna.
11. A 3 year grey colt, by Richard, dam by Sir Archie, named John O'Hanlon.
12. A 3 year grey colt, by Richard, dam by Benefactor, named Wade Hampton.
13. A 2 year black colt, by Leviathan, dam by Oscar, named Sally McCall.
14. A 2 year bay colt, by Traveller, dam by Stockholder, named German Baker.

Stock of Col. Osman Claiborne, *of Madisonville, Miss.*

1. Maid of Madison, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, in foal to Leviathan.
2 Brown mare, by Kosciusko, dam by Gallatin, " "
3. Energy, by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archie, " "
4. Millwood, by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archie, " Havoc.
5. Maid of Lisbon, by Napoleon, dam by Pacolet, " Bertrand.
6. Antelope, s. m. by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon.
7. Cassandra br. m. by Stockholder, dam by Gibb.
8. Susan Yandell, b. f. by Sir Richard, dam by Rockingham.
9. Grey colt, by Sir Richard, dam by Ga. Bellair.
10. Grey colt, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror.
11. Sorrel colt by Sir Richard, dam by Andrew Jackson.

A CARD FROM "A SUBSCRIBER."

The "Subscriber" intended to have closed his remarks concerning "The Captain" with the statement of the undeniable fact, that he had run a *second heat* of two miles, and upon the National Course, not as well adapted for quick time as the Union Course, in the *best time* known in this country, according to *authentic* racing annals, viz., 3m. 44s., the time of Clara Howard's *first* heat upon the Union Course; he, 5 years old, carrying 110lbs., and she, 4 years old, carrying 101lbs. Both races in the spring of succeeding years.

The only questionable fact is in reference to the two courses. The "distinguished turfmen of Philadelphia, and others," have viewed them with very different eyes from the "Subscriber." Their statement is doubtless correct, that it "had been graded, clayed, rolled, and levelled," and yet great expense had *not* put it "in the most perfect order." It might have been added, it had been ploughed also; and all the stones, but the small *gravel*, a little larger than marbles, had been removed. Yet, to this day the sand *is* heavy on the back stretch, between the two hills, that have *not* been levelled. Nature formed a far better racing soil for the Union Course, which requires no such aid from art. As Gen. Wynn appositely said of it, when the unexampled speed upon that course was spoken of, "They need not boast, for God Almighty has given them such a race course as I never saw;—the horses can't help running fast." The General was a man of experience and observation. He knew the difference between the two courses, whether "improved" or not. The National Course in places is *now* as hard as a brickbat; and the plough frequently brings to view "concealed rocks." Captain Oliver has done wonders in his improvements; but Art might as well make a Niagara as he attempt to make a Union Course near Washington. The "Subscriber" believes Post Boy cannot run the four miles over the National Course within ten seconds of his time, the same distance, on the Union Course. Experience as yet, with the splendid exception of The Captain's two mile race, supports this opinion. The "Subscriber" believes he has not erred in his estimates; and is conscious he has "nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice."

The "Baltimore friend" differs from every one with whom the "Subscriber" has compared notes; and also regarded the race very differently from others, when he thinks he saw The Captain lose ground when he made his run in the last quarter stretch home. His trainer, Hope Butler, known to be a respectable man, has expressed his belief that The Captain might have won the race in two heats; he thinks he might have won the third heat had he started to run for it, and believes he would have won the fourth heat had he been run at score, instead of going on leisurely, and being unexpectedly exposed to the sudden rush from Jessup, a piece of jockeyship for which Willis deserves immortal honor. *He* won the race. Jessup broke down at the judges' stand. The "Subscriber" will repeat once more, that, "to make assurance doubly sure," the rider of The Captain was instructed to wait upon the winner of the first heat, Col. Thompson's Charles filly, and not to regard Jessup, Monmouth, and Pythias, one of which *must* win the heat or be ruled out. Half a mile from home, The Captain, considerably in the rear, passed by Butler, who called to the rider "all right—stay as you are,"—the filly behind him evidently waiting, if not done up—the three others going the pace; 100 yards or so farther, Captain Oliver, mistaking Monmouth or Pythias for the filly, the three were bays, unfortunately, called to The Captain's rider, "Go for the heat—you can win it," and he dashed on close to the lead; not being able to take it, he fell back to the third or fourth place *in coming in*,—the filly distanced, occasioned by *this* run.

The "Subscriber" does not intend to reflect on Pythias; the reflections unnecessarily cast upon "The Captain," in no wise affects his reputation. It is to be hoped the friends of Pythias are not aware of the circumstance that The Captain is *at this time* "almost dead with the distemper." Their challenge cannot be accepted. But if they wish to put Pythias to the test, 4 mile heats, they can no doubt be accommodated on application to the owners of Spartacus, Cyppus, or *some score* of horses not so remote. It is guessed, a general challenge from Pythias, excepting them and others of equal fame, would not be long unheeded, were the race to be run upon the National or Union Course, or near Richmond.

Washington City, 26th July, 1836. A Subscriber.

Mr. Blackburn's Exhibition of the "Art of Self Defence," was held at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening. A great number of amateurs were present, and the sparring went off with eclat. Deaf Burke, Owen, "the Manchester pet," Bertine, Hoffman, and Benn, were among those who put on the gloves—In the course of the evening a letter from O'Rourke, at Pittsburg, was read to Deaf Burke, proposing a meeting in that vicinity "for any reasonable sum."—A friend of Phelan's also came forward and challenged Owen, the pet, and preliminary steps were at once entered into preparatory to a meeting between the belligerents.

P.S. They fought 16 rounds, on Thursday, at Hoboken, when Phelan was declared victor; he then offered a set to with Deaf Burke, which was declined.—Owen, the pet, was out of condition.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING

Commenced in this State on the 1st instant, and in New Jersey on the 5th. The birds are plentiful, though shy, and the season, thus far, has afforded fine sport. The places *where to find sport* is the great desideratum just now, and we give below such local information as we have been able to glean from the letters of friends, etc.

The swamps receding from the North River on each bank, between this city and Albany, are noted resorts for woodcock shooting. A few miles back of Hudson, the swamps are amply stored with birds, particularly about the village of Copack. Purgatory Swamp—a very questionable and ominous cognomen both to bipeds and quadrupeds—situated some 18 miles in the rear of Newburgh, and indeed all the country at the back of that flourishing town, presents a great variety and abundance of game. Besides, both Hudson and Newburgh are well supplied with every accommodation necessary to enable the sportsman to reach the desired ground, and the facilities of the boats on the river, enable one to be at his starting-place long before day-break, and thereby cause as small a waste of time, as if he rode out to any of the worn out covers in the more immediate neighborhood of the city. West Point and its romantic vicinity is so much visited, and its covers so frequently drawn, as to afford little prospect of filling a bag. At Fishkill, however, and at Rhinebeck and Hyde Park, the shooting is excellent. There are, it should be said, half a dozen shots residing at the latter place, who give the game no rest in their neighborhood. Back of Caldwell's Landing we hear there are several covers which, if well beat up, would supply Sandy Welsh and Windust for weeks.

Long Island swarms with almost every kind of seasonable game, and "the old settlers" tell us that woodcock especially are increasing. May this not be owing to the fact of the increasing size and voracity of the musquitoes alluded to by Col. Stone, that are wont to carry a brickbat under their wings to whet their bills upon. We never knew an individual fond of a "*long bill*," save a woodcock's—but the sportsman who covets the latter, must e'en make up his mind to take more than one musquitoe's with it, and be —— to them, if he shoots in the swamps of Jersey. Sag Harbor and its vicinity is famous for the prime character of the gunning afforded. Oyster Bay, and the meadows about Hempstead and Flushing, are well-known resorts, as well as Smithtown, which is perhaps a more popular one than either.

New Jersey is presumed to contain a greater variety of game than any State north of the Potomac. Woodcock, all over it, are as plenty as blackberries. The soil appears peculiarly adapted to the habits of these birds; soft, miry, and free from hard substances, it is every way suited to their long and flexible bills, in penetrating for food. On the low lands west of New York, and those meadows in the interior of the State, known generally by the name of "Atsion Meadows," as well as those extensive low lands which bound the Delaware, commencing a few miles below Philadelphia, and running south for twenty or thirty miles, are places in which multitudes of these birds are destroyed, during the regular shooting season. In the neighborhood of Trenton, (where you may dine with Bailey, at the *Eagle*, and "live like a fighting cock,") the shooting is said to be fine. Within twenty or thirty miles from town, there is probably better woodcock shooting in the Jersey swamps and meadows, than any other section of the country. One can hardly go amiss—strike off at once for Rahway, Elizabethtown, or Newark, and in a single day you may plant yourself where, with a good dog and a sure aim, you may fill your bag in time to reach home at night. Pine Brook is the most noted resort for woodcock in Jersey, though Col. Edgar's meadows, near Woolbridge, and the swamps back of Newark, are abundantly stocked with game.

Aquatic Sports--Rowing and Sailing.

There was a grand display of water craft at Hoboken last Monday. The Association and private club boats, with those of Whitehall and Jersey City, were out, and presented a very animating sight. The occasion was the match for $500 a side between the Governor's Island boat *Spring*, and the New York boat *Erie*. We hear the Spring took the lead, and was never headed, beating the Erie by over a length. As the distance was nearly five miles, the match was of course well contested. Hoboken was thronged near the starting point with ladies and gentlemen, and the affair went off with great eclat.

On Tuesday evening the *Wave* Club gave a soiree at the Pavillion, Hoboken, which was attended by most of the city boat clubs, with the crews in full uniform. As each club contributed its quota of ladies, there was a superb assemblage of "fine women and brave men." Several invited guests from this city were in attendance, as also a select party of ladies and gentlemen from Philadelphia. Gaiety and Mirth were the presiding deities of the evening, and the song and the toast succeeded each other in joyous succession. After a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the enlivening story and mazy dance wore away the evening, until "Jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain's top," when the company retired, alike delighted with the present, and anticipating the pleasure of a re-union at many a similar festival.

Thursday's "Express" gives the particulars of a sailing match that came off on Wednesday afternoon, between the schooners *Atlas* and *Sarah Adee*. We quote: "It will be recollected that a match came off on the 4th of July last, between the schooners Atlas and Sarah Adee, when the former favored by a sudden gust of wind, carried off the prize. As this was attributed to mere accident, and not to the skill of the hands, another match was proposed for $500, which came off yesterday afternoon. They were to start from Whitehall, go round Sandy Hook, and return to the same place. Thousands attended to witness the contest. On the signal being given, both vessels started in fine style. They had not, however, proceeded far, when the superiority of the Sarah Adee was manifest. She rushed like a winged thing through the sparkling waters, leaving the Atlas three quarters of a mile in her wake. On rounding the Hook, however, the latter gained considerably, and eventually came alongside her antagonist. After a desperate struggle, the Sarah Adee succeeded in again taking the lead, and arrived at Whitehall ahead of the Atlas amidst the plaudits of the spectators."

Several racing and sailing matches are on the tapis, that when matured, shall be given to the public through these columns. It is also in contemplation to raise by subscription among our citizens a few prizes, to be given at a splendid regatta, at which all the crack clubs in this and the neighboring cities will be invited to participate.

Extract of a Letter to the Editor dated New Orleans, 10th July, 1836.

My Dear Sir,—I am by no means the only one here who looks with considerable interest for the Spirit of the Times; it is extremely well conducted, and affords us a vast deal of amusement, as well as information. Send a copy here addressed to —— —— Esq., a wealthy friend of mine, and the first turfman in this city, who has long had, and still possesses, the best stock anywhere hereabouts. His stable at present consists of young things,—three years old in the coming spring,—but as they are of the choicest blood in the South, you are likely to hear of them next year. I told him that Oliver, of Washington, had some thoughts of coming here to start a course of first rate style, with which he was highly pleased. He feels convinced that if he will do so, it will turn out a profitable investment. There are great numbers of rich and spirited young men here, with whom money is of very little value, but sources of amusement or places of agreeable resort most rare and required. It is most strange that this city, the richest and largest in this southern world, should be without a race course or field sports of any kind, when such little places (in comparison) as Placquemine, Attakapas, Natchez, &c., have them in good order and excellent patronage. If you see or write to Oliver, say as much, and let me hear how he feels disposed upon the subject. I see by your paper that poor Post Boy carried eleven hundred and fourteen pounds in the great match. Poor fellow, it was no wonder he lost the race! Gilpatrick must not only have had a heavy heart, but a plagued heavy saddle.

What has become of my old friend Black Maria? Did her produce by Gohanna live, and was it colt or filly? Who is she put to now, and what has Stevens made of that elegant little Henry filly, out of Sir Charles's sister?

A Barrister of some standing once fought a duel—his *coat* was perforated, and he commemorated either his valor or his escape by an annual dinner to his friends. On these occasions the damaged garment was always produced. At the last *anniversary*, Lord Brougham dryly observed—"W——, we have often seen the coat you wore on this occasion, now show us the *breeches*."

"A SPECIAL ORIGINAL."

James Schols, an Englishman, was tried at Williamsburgh, L. I., was last week mulcted in the round sum of $1500 for slandering Mr. Timothy Dobson, chemist, of that place. The trial took place at Brooklyn last week. Schols undertook to plead his own cause, but made a poor fist of it, although he made a speech an hour long, and stated that he only whispered to a man relative to Dobson so as to put him on his guard. He was cast in the sum of $1500, which he declares he will never pay. He called the jury a set of blockheads, told the witnesses and the Sheriff that they were no better than they should be, heartily —— the country generally, and New York lawyers and juries in particular.

Schols is a native of London, where he owned considerable property. He came to New York, we believe, in 1831,—bought real estate here and on Long Island, and on the trial above was proved to be worth over $600,000! His career in this country has been as erratic and diversified as that of his friend ex-Sheriff Parkins. His violent disposition has embroiled him in perpetual and expensive law suits. However, he is a man of talents, and possesses a fund of information on almost all subjects His mind, which is highly cultivated, is partially unsettled at all times, and frequently is a perfect chaos. His taste in music, in literature, and the fine arts, as well as in botany, horticulture, etc., would astonish those who do not know him intimately. Though unfortunate in most of his early speculations, the immense rise in the value of real estate has given him a splendid fortune. He is the principal proprietor of the Franklin theatre in this city, and owns several valuable houses and lots here, besides two or three farms on Long Island. We were at his house four years since, opposite Brooklyn, for which, with the garden and small plot of ground attached, he had previously paid $7000. Within six months he has refused $160,000 for that same little stone house and ground! Another farm of his on Long Island, that cost him not over $10,000, house, stock, and all, is worth at this moment, and could be sold in lots in Wall-street for over $200,000!

He long esteemed himself (and does to this day, we presume,) the victim of lawyers, and was wont to take the strange fancy into his head that there were people here from England with the intention of assassinating him. When poor Sykes was accidentally shot at Windust's, Schols, who was present, firmly believed for months that the bullet was intended for him. And many is the time that, in the deepest distress, he has wandered or concealed himself in the streets the live long night, for fear that in reaching his own premises he should be set upon and robbed or murdered. When "himself alone," he is an entertaining companion, and "wont to set the table in a roar."

In 1833 Mr. Schols commenced the publication of a daily paper here, yclept the *Morning Post*, wherein he lashed the legal profession without mercy, and under the impression of correcting abuses in the administration of the laws, etc., soon got into difficulty. About this time he purchased the copy-right of "*The New Yorker*," a new Saturday paper, of which we had the editorial control. An interference with our duties as editor, induced a summary resignation, and the publication of both papers was continued for a few months thereafter, when Mr Schols one night locked up his printing-office, a very large establishment in Ann street, and it was not suffered to be opened for nearly a year—the types, presses, and all, remaining precisely as they were left for that space of time. Mr. Schols' loss in the publication of these two papers, or rather *during* their publication, was over $10,000 cash,—a great portion of which was actually lost from his habit of filling his coat-pockets, and that occasionally, with loose bank notes. To go back to his recent law-suit with Doctor Dobson—if Schols *says* he will not pay Dobson, the latter may as well expect to draw a blister on a mile-stone as to get the money. If we do not greatly err in our estimate of the man, ex-Sheriff Parkins will soon have a companion in the Debtor's prison after his own heart.

Have you been to see Colman's new—new *something*—for whether to term it a bookstore, or bazaar, picture gallery or print shop, we have not yet decided—but you must go to 205 Broadway, and see it. There's nothing like it under the sun, and Ecclesiastes never could have thought of Colman when he said there could be nothing new. All the ladies pronounce it "divine," and we heard a bachelor say "divinities" might be seen there every sunny morning. The *elite* of the town keep Colman and his assistants "in hot haste" from morning till night, and the prettiest women breathing "push them from their stools" like so many Banquo's Ghosts, with this difference, that the appearance of *such* spirits has no terrors for Colman or Fennel. Every thing rich, unique, and piquante from the four corners of the globe is here spread out in the three different galleries of Colman's "literary emporium." Costly folios and musty parchments, engravings, bijoux, carricatures, paintings, sculpture, and in fine, *everything* worthy of a place in the boudoir or the library, may be had at this spacious and elegant establishment. We conceive a more desirable or gratifying "sight" is not to be met with by our citizens, and did we purpose to show country friends "the lions" of the town, we should be certain to introduce them at Colman's.

☞ The "Transcript" of Thursday contains an article, from which we make the extract subjoined, omitting several gross and libellous epithets applied to the gentleman alluded to:—

"*The Messrs. Hudsons.* It is but an act of justice to these young gentlemen to state, that we have the best reason to believe that they have been gulled beyond measure by Dr. Mackenzie, the editor of the Liverpool Journal, who has received from them the cash for their American orders for European journals and periodicals, and never thought any more about the matter."

To the article from which the above extract is made, Maj. Noah, of the Evening Star, makes the annexed reply:—

"☞ The Transcript of this morning in a very rude manner charges Dr. Mackenzie, editor of the Liverpool Journal, with having received money for the transmission of English newspapers and periodicals for presses in this country, without sending them according to order and payment. We do not believe a word of it. Dr. Mackenzie in his last letter to us complains that he is one hundred pounds in advance, and has received no part of it in payment for papers, periodicals, and services rendered."

We fully coincide with the Star in its belief that there is not a word of truth in the charge alledged against Dr. Mackenzie. And we also deem it incumbent on us to bear testimony to the great punctuality of Dr. Mackenzie in forwarding papers and periodicals to order, and his disposition to oblige, frequently at great personal inconvenience.

So far from retaining money remitted to him for periodicals, we have a letter from the Doctor, bearing date June 8th, (the date of sailing of the last packet,) especially cautioning us against paying money on his account to Mr. Hudson, and asserting that since he had acted as agent for the Hudsons, (1st of Jan. last,) they had not remitted to him a single sixpence, and that he had involved himself on their account to the tune of upwards £100.

It gives us pleasure to be able to assure the public, as we confidently can do, from our experience of the Dr.'s kindness and promptitude, that the Transcript must have been misinformed in this matter, and has thus, unwittingly no doubt, done injustice to an honorable gentleman.

☞ We have visited this week the new *Fancy Hard Ware* store (if that's the name) of Mr. Wreaks. It is in Nassau-street, near John, and gentlemen and ladies must not be deterred by its forbidding location from paying their respects to it. They will find in it some of the most curious and beautiful articles ever manufactured. We have been trying to think of a name for such a store that should sound less *carving-knife like*, and more in accordance with its really beautiful contents than *Hard Ware*. But not succeeding, the least we can now do is to say, that Mr. Wreaks has on sale, and will exhibit with pleasure, even to visitors who have no intention of purchasing, a thousand showy and elegant articles of furniture, such as have never before been seen in New York.

Among others, we would particularly instance some small tables or stands for the parlor, ornamented with pictures, such as it is impossible to buy elsewhere for all the money charged for the tables themselves. We say to our friends, and the ladies, go and see them. Some of the designs represent game, and nothing can surpass the minute fidelity and the beauty of these pictures. Our southern sporting friends now in town, will find a variety of things just suited to their tastes; we will only name some fine fowling-pieces, of superior workmanship. Particulars in advertisement next week.

The Louisville Journal says, that if the Texans liberate Santa Anna, they will find him like the measles, not to be caught twice.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

The sun was blazing over a barren plain on the table land of the Deccan. It was the burning month of March. No speck of green relieved the wearied eye, the black soil cracked into gaping fissures looked like a parched wilderness deserted by every living thing, and the crumbling rocks resembled lava scarce cooled since it swept from the volcano's crater. No beast on the earth but the timid antelope, no bird in the air but the vulture and the kite, braving the scorching sun from its copper sky.

A solitary horseman was cantering along the dusty road which led to the distant Ghauts, rearing their bold grey outline against the horizon. He was a slight, lean figure, like one whose frame had been wasted, although hardened by exposure and fatigue. His thin legs, cased in leather breeches japanned by use, and jack-boots, reaching to the middle of his thighs, clung as if glued to the saddle. Little of his bronzed features was visible from beneath the folds of a white turban wound round his hunting cap, and falling in a broad lappet under his chin, to shelter his face from the burning rays. A sabre at his side, and a hog-spear in his right hand, with an old red coat, stained into every variety of tint of which red is capable, completed the attire of the eastern sportsman, whose easy seat connected him with the fiery Arab which he rode, as if both were carved from one block. A true son of the desert was that gallant grey. Every vein seemed bursting from his satin-like skin, flushed by exercise to a purple tint. His square, short head, full eye, fine muzzle, wide nostril, and light airy neck, with a silky mane floating from its hard crest, showed marks of the highest blood; while the swelling muscles of his lengthy quarters, and clean limbs, all bone and sinew, were modelled to unite speed with strength. In a cloud of dust and smoke they passed on. Alike to the weather-beaten hog-hunter were sun and rain. He had borne the heat of Guzerat, the miasma of the jungle, and the deadly fevers of Kandiesh, as if his sun-dried body was impervious to disease, which had cut off many of his early friends in the pride of youthful strength. A long residence in India had made it his home, his country. Like many others, who quit the land of their birth at an age which leaves behind it few recollections but those of a schoolboy's miseries, he had formed habits and acquaintances endeared by so many ties, that all his fondest ideas were connected with India, and Europe had become to him a foreign land. The duties of his office obliged him to spend much of his time alone, in the wildest part of a country remote from European society This district adjoined that which was under the charge of the eccentric sportsman whom I have introduced before under his soubriquet of Blowhard, and the horseman was now travelling to the tents of the old deer-stalker, whom similarity of pursuits had endeared to him by a friendship of many years.

Six tired horses were already left behind on his morning's route, and the eighth, which was to carry him his last stage, was then tossing his nose-bag* as he finished the remainder of his grain by the road side. The clothing was pulled off by a half naked groom the moment his master appeared. Without a minute's delay, a flea-bitten Arab replaced the foaming grey—and on again. As he approached a more cultivated country, antelopes became visible in such numbers that the plain appeared dotted with animated groups to the horizon, along which distant herds, dwindled into white specks, were cleaving the air like flying fish skimming the surface of a tropical sea. The graceful gazel, with its brilliant eye and airy step, tossed its little head and bounded with the speed of light across the heated stones as the lean gaunt wolf followed on its trail. Bustards stalked among the waving grain, and rock grouse nestled in packs over the warm sand. Another mile brought our traveller to the banks of a river, which separated the plain from a low range of hills, covered to their summits by the evergreen bamboo.

Here were pitched the tents of his friend, under a magnificent banyan tree, spreading its giant arms over a grove of its own shoots, which drooped from their parent stem to take root beneath its shadow. This huge canopy sheltered the numerous attendants who form a European's retinue in India. One accustomed to Eastern manners could have told, by a glance at this encampment, the nature of its owner's pursuits, without the proofs afforded by the spoils of various wild animals hanging to dry from the branches. The peons who were cooking their messes, were distinguished by belts of panther's skin instead of the more usual badge of red cloth. Each horsekeeper had a spear leaning against the tree to which his charge was fastened, and the stately elephant, who stood blowing clouds of dust over his back, had evidently carried a howdah in the field rather than baggage on the road. Within the tent were the same evidences of a sportman's abode. His hookah rested on a tiger's skin, a double rifle lay on the table, and round the tent pole bristled a row of spears, some of which were still dim with blood. Blowhard, in the same dress which I have before described, was seated on a mat earnestly employed in nursing a young bear, whose mournful yells he attempted to stifle by pouring milk down its throat, while the little savage struggled to free himself from his grasp, when his unexpected guest cantered to the door and threw himself from his smoking horse.

"Now, damn you for an ungrateful cub; you may go and lick your paws you squalling imp," muttered old Blowhard as he dropped the shapeless little brute from his knees and rose to meet his friend, while his dark features glowed with satisfaction. * * * * * * * *

The country in which these scenes are laid was bounded by the western Ghauts. In the pathless thickets of their eternal forests, untrodden by the foot of man, were reared numerous beasts of prey, which strayed into the plains and replaced those which were daily falling under the rifles of British sportsmen. To exterminate them in such a country is impossible, for no sooner is the tiger which haunted a village destroyed, than another takes its place. Blowhard's favorite attendant, Mohadeen, with old Burmah and a party of inferior shikarees, had been searching the neighboring jungle, as usual, before the sun had risen, and by eight o'clock a sawar, who always accompanied them to bring in intelligence, was galloping up to the tents.

"There comes news from the jungle," exclaimed Blowhard, who was loitering with his friend Rivers about the horses as the messenger arrived. "What is it?" he continued addressing the sawar. "A tiger, sahib, in the same nullah where your highness killed a deer yesterday." "I would bet my best rifle against a pistol, that it is only a panther," observed the old sportsman to his companion, "I saw the fresh trail of one in the bed of the ravine the last time I was there, and I know that my people have been following it this morning. But a panther often shows more sport than a tiger."

"Well, be it what it may," replied Rivers, "I am off to see that my tackle is all right."

Blowhard immediately dispatched the elephant with a bundle of rockets in the howdah, and having ordered horses to be saddled, called for two double rifles which he loaded with the greatest nicety. In a few minutes they were on their way to the ground, followed by some peons carrying their guns. "Is that your weapon," inquired the deer-stalker of Rivers, pointing to a pretty little gun in the hand of his friend's attendant. "Yes, look at it." Blowhard's expression was that of utter contempt when he returned the despised bauble, after one hasty glance, letting it drop from his hand as if it stunk. Let the reader try to fancy Purdey's face on being presented with a Birmingham gun to repair, "price 3*l.* 10*s.* warranted; and he may conceive the look of him to whom a smooth bore was an abomination. "At what range can you make sure of a buck with that pop-gun," were the first words he uttered. "At what range," answered Rivers, somewhat mortified; "I do not pretend to take a deer between the eyes, or cut a bustard's head off at a hundred yards as you do. A spear is my favorite weapon, and I can handle it better than a trigger; but what fault do you find with my gun? It is by Manton, and must be a good one." "It may be so, and very effective for dusting quails and ortolans," muttered Blowhard; "but, oh! Rivers, how can you, whom I know to be a good sportsman, use a paltry smooth bore? I hate the very sight of one more than a buffalo hates a tiger. Leave such child's playthings to griffins and pot-hunters, who aspire to no higher game than peafowl. I cannot bear to see you own such a gimcrack. The groved bore is the only barrel a sportsman's eye should squint over. True, it is not every man who can display its beauties; for to use it scientifically, requires long practice to get the range, and judge the distance; besides a correct eye, good nerve, and a fine finger. But turn your horse to the left a little—my rifle, Faakera?—Now, you see that gazel feeding by the edge of the brush-wood. Do you think that any smooth barrel ever bored could throw a ball true enough to hit him?"—"I consider that quite out of shot," replied Rivers. "Then I warrant, said Blowhard, "that Smasher sends its lead near the heart." So saying, he hastily dismounted. The heavy rifle rose slowly till level with its mark. For one instant it rested motionless on a hand that seemed a limb of marble; at that instant the trigger yielded to the gradual pressure, and the sharp report was answered by that soft dead plash so welcome to a woodman's ears. Rivers galloped to the spot, and found the animal quite dead, hit through the shoulder. Blowhard calmly reloaded without a remark, and sending a peon to break the gazel, continued a lecture on the merits of grooved bores, which might be tiresome to the reader, till they reached their ground A thickly wooded ravine, running across a range of low rocky hills, formed the cover in which the game lay. Shikarees were posted on trees along its banks, and a man standing on the summit of each rising ground watched for a break. Mohadeen, stripped to the skin, with the exception of a pair of short brown drawers, and armed with a huge two-handed sword, met the party, and walking before the elephant, led the way into the cover. His eye flashed with wild reckless courage, while his whole frame seemed agitated by the most violent excitement as he danced along with strange wild gestures, brandishing his tremendous blade.

"Are you not afraid of that madman being killed," said Rivers. "Many an anxious moment he costs me,' answered Blowhard; "but wild although he appears, he knows what he is about. It is of no use trying to keep him back, for if I ordered him to remain behind it would break the poor fellow's heart; and he would be poking his head into the panther's jaws to show his gallantry, when I could not watch him; whereas now I can keep him under my eye at least."—Little more was said, for they were approaching the place where the carcass of a bullock, which had been fastened for a bait the preceding night, lay weltering in the sun. The poor brute appeared to have sold his life dearly, from the traces of a deadly struggle which were still manifest. The ground, torn by claws, and ploughed up by hoofs, was spattered with blood, and the bullock's neck was not dislocated by one violent wrench, but bore the marks of repeated gripes. "That is evidently not a tiger's work," observed Blowhard; "but it is a large panther to judge by his track." Here the trail was taken up. The broad foot prints, deeply impressed in the sand, led into a clump of tangled thorns on the bank of the ravine. "That is the tiger's house," shouted Mohadeen, flourishing his sword. "Then back, as you value your life, and don't leave the elephant's crupper till I tell you," said Blowhard, in a tone which enforced obedience. "Now, Rivers, we shall stir him up; be quick, but steady. I shall leave you the first shot. You, Mahout, drive Tippoo up the bank." The noble animal forced himself between the interwoven branches, and stood trumpeting before a clump of withered thorns. A low growl was heard, and the Mussulman who was posted on the elpheant's rump whispered, "I can see him." Blowhard touched his friend on the shoulder, and pointed in silence to the crouching panther, whose colour so nearly resembled the faded leaves which partly concealed him, that Rivers strained his eyes in vain for some seconds. At last a rustle betrayed the brute's position, and the gun was raised; but at the critical moment he started with a loud roar, and dashed through the bushes with a rapidity which quite disconcerted River's aim. "Your ball fell short," calmly observed Blowhard; "you should fire well forward at a running object. Now watch that opening between the two tamarind trees, he is sure to pass them, and I shall try if smasher cannot stop his running. Mahout keep Tippoo steady." The panther did pass the opening at full speed, the rifle was rapidly pitched at him rather than levelled, and an angry snarl answered the report. "That will do," exclaimed the delighted deer-stalker. "The rascal will fight now that his skin is ruffled. Before they had reloaded, the yells of a shikaree proclaimed that the game had broken cover, and the elephant was driven at his utmost pace towards him. On reaching the spot, the panther was in sight but out of shot, galloping across the plain towards the hills. Herds of cattle, feeding near the jungle, fled before him lowing with fear, and troops of monkeys chattered and howled from the mango trees, as he passed by. Every living creature seemed to dread him; even crows and parrots showed their agitation by loud cries. "I know where he is making for," shouted Blowhard. "We must go our best pace to keep him in sight. Hold on behind. Now, Rivers, sit as tight as if you were on Clasher's back; and you Mahout, show us how fast Tippoo can go." The huge brute, after a few words of encouragement from his driver, accompanied by some blows on the head that would have fractured a human skull, struck out into a shuffling trot that nearly jolted his riders from their seats. When they had gained the rising ground, over which the panther had disappeared, Mohadeen picked out the trail, marked occasionally by drops of blood; and on gaining the next ascent the panther was viewed. He was evidently distressed trotting slowly down hill, open mouthed, and panting. At this moment, when he was about three hundred yards distant, one of the beaters was observed standing in the panther's path.

Blowhard waved and shouted to him, but all in vain. The infatuated fool drew his sword, waving it in defiance; his dreadful situation was plainly seen, yet nothing could be done to save him, for the violent motion of the elephant rendered all chance of hitting out of the question, and before he could have been stopped all would have been over. Tippoo was pushed to his utmost pace, the Mahout driving his goad to the head in the poor brute's bleeding ears, who screamed with pain at every blow. They had nearly reached the bottom of the descent, the elephant thundering down with fearful impetus, when the panther caught sight of the devoted wretch standing, like a scare-crow, brandishing his sword and shield. He might still have escaped, for he had a long start, and the panther was blown, but he appeared stupified with fear. The enraged animal made straight towards him with terrific bounds; and then rose a roar of fury and a scream of terror. The panther was upon him as if hurled from some projectile engine, and he was dashed to the ground amidst a cloud of dust, through which could be traced the agitated body of the spotted monster and the man struggling in his jaws. It was over in a few se onds. The mangled carcass was writhing in agony, and the panther trotting skulkily to the nearest bush when the sportsmen came up. Their first care was to remove the poor beater, who was still alive; but it would have been mercy to have ended his misery by blowing out his brains. He tried to raise his head, and actually salaamed with his trembling lacerated hands. But such a head! even the stern old woodsman shuddered as he looked on the throbbing remnants of what was once a human face. The cheek bones and lower jaw smashed to atoms, were hanging by the muscles of his throat upon his chest. Nothing of the visage remained below the eyes, which rolled about with a hideous expression of intense suffering; all the rest was a shattered mass dripping with clots of blood. "God forbid that I should ever see such another sight," uttered Blowhard, with deep feeling. "It was his fate," quietly observed the Mussulman, as he laid him under the shade of a large tree, where death soon ended his misery.

"Now let us mount again, Rivers, and finish the brute," said Blowhard, beckoning to the Mahout to make his elephant kneel. "I have seen death in many shapes, and watched a brave man die without a tear, yet this unmans me quite. Mohadeen to a tree at once! there has been blood enough spilt to-day, and you, Mahout, bring him up steadily." Tippo advanced boldly to the bush where the panther was lying. A crash through the branches, and a stifled roar warned them of the expected charge; the unerring rifle hurled its fatal contents, and the panther, shot through the brain, dropped at the instant his grinning head appeared. "Would to heaven I had fired that shot, when I first saw those treacherous green eyes in cover, it would have saved a life," muttered the old deer-stalker to himself. "But what is ordained must be. I intended to have shown you a bear," he continued, addressing Rivers, "but I have not the heart to do any thing more to-day."

"Nor I," replied his friend. "Here comes Mohadeen, screeching his death holloa, which will soon bring up the people. So let us have one look at the panther, and then gallop back to the tents."

DECCAN.

London New Sporting Magazine, for June, 1836.

* Horses are fed in India from a leathern bag suspended from the head-stall.

TOM DUNCOMBE ON SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

The hero of Finsbury has been much consulted about the late matrimonial fracas, and he has administered much consolation to the unfortunate husband. Duncombe abounts in philosophy; he has studied human nature to some purpose, and we believe there is not a member of the fashionable world who would refuse to be guided by his experience. He has addressed the following soliloquy to poor Norton, who is constantly rehearsing it:—

To wed, or not to wed? that is the question:
Whether 'twere happier in the mind to check
The heats and tumults of outrageous passion,
Or with rome prudent fair in solemn contract
Of matrimony join. To have—to *hold*—
No more—and by that hold to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand love-sick pangs
Of our celibacy: a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To have, to hold!
To hold! Perchance to lose! Aye, there's the rub!
For in that space what sad remorse may come,
When we have ta'en our leave of liberty,
Must give us solemn pause. There's the respect
That slacks our speed on suing for a change;
Else who would bear the scorn and sneers the single,
When aged, feel—the pains and flutt'ring fevers
Which each new face must give to roving fancy,
When he might rid himself at once of all
By a bare Yes? Who would with patience yield
To fret and linger out a single life,
But that the dread of something yet untried,
Some hazard in a state from whose strict bond
Death only can release, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose those ills we have,
Than fly to others which we fancy greater?
This last reflection makes us slow and wary,
Filling the dubious mind with dreadful thoughts
Of poutings, discords, jealousies, and cares
Extravagantly great, entailed on wedlock,
Which to avoid the lover checks his passion,
And happy dies a bachelor.

London Satirist.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Madison in the Washington Telegraph:—

When the debates upon the adoption of the federal constitution were occupying the attention of our patriot fathers; and when wisdom, like a daily visitant, hovered over the hall where genius and virtue breathed fire into the hearts of the sages who were there assembled, Mr. Madison wished to speak, but was almost afraid from his great physical debility, to make the attempt. However, he begged a gentleman who was sitting near him to pull him by the coat when he perceived that he was becoming exhausted.

Mr. Madison rose and opened his speech—his voice was feeble at first, it became stronger as he progressed—passage after passage of brilliant and illuminating thought came from his almost inspired lips; every point of the great subject he touched upon, he left for men of all future times to look upon as if he had blown the clouds from the summit of the hills,—he went on, and concluded: "Why," as he sunk back exhausted in his chair, "why did you not pull me when you saw me go on as I did." "I would rather have laid my finger upon the lightning," was the reply. This anecdote we have obtained from a gentleman who was present.

Dr. Johnson once paid a visit to the late Lord Stowell, when a student at Oxford He found him busily employed one day in collecting snails in the garden of his lodgings, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbor's premises.—"Young man," said Johnson sternly, "this is an unjust and ungenerous act—I am ashamed of you." "Why sir," replied young Scott "do you see that I only threw them over *one* wall—and on the other side is a Dissenter." "Say you so," said Johnson, "then I'll help you."

THE SENTIMENTALIST ON AN OMNIBUS.

There is no one of the fine old fashioned feelings, which used, about a hundred years ago, to be considered as an ornament, and has suffered such a fall as that of sentimentalism. At the present day, if one dare to be sentimental, instantly the whole circle of his friends point at him with the finger of derision and he is voted a bore. Probably in so doing, the world may be correct; but that there is still some trace of sentiment, and that in quarters where it would be least expected, the following anecdote will show:—

As I placed myself the other day, in London, on the box-seat of one of the omnibusses that ply between "St. John's Wood" and "the Elephant and Castle," I was much struck by the driver remarking "We don't know, sir, as what we may all come to;" but I supposed at first that it was the preface to some threadbare tale of woe, which he of the whip told to his passengers, for the purpose of getting a glass of gin, and therefore determined not to give it much attention. When I found myself rolling along the upper part of Regent street, without the tale having advanced or receded, my curiosity was not a little excited, and I made up my mind to pay it attention, merely, as may be supposed, because I found that it was not to be so easily come at. Along Oxford street and Regent street the driver was busy "*tooting*" for passengers, and kept, as he depressed the thong of his whip, and elevated the but end, calling out ever and anon, "Going down, sir, eh? Charing Cross—Elephant and Castle, sir." We stopped the usual minute at the corner of the Regent Circus after which the guard bawled out, "All right, Sam," and we were again in motion.

The lower part of Regent street was much crowded with carriages, wagons and other vehicles, and it required much skill to thread our machine amidst the countless mass passing and repassing. At the corner of the Quadrant, Sam drew a deep sigh, and casting a most woebegone look at me, says again, "We don't know, sir, as I was saying, as what we may all come to." "No," I replied, "that is very true; but unless you look after your whip-hand, we'll very soon come down into that empty waggon." "That a'n't what I means, sir; I says we don't know to what we may all come to. [Going down, sir?]" "Well, then, what do you mean? I suppose that you intend we should very soon come to Charing Cross?" "No, that a'n't what I means—poor Bob is dead. [Going down, sir? Charing Cross, sir.]" "But who was Bob?" said I. "Why, did'nt ye know Bob, that gemman vot drove the other 'buss? [Going down, sir? Charing Cross—Elephant and Castle, sir.]" "No, indeed I did not; what about him?" "Why, ye sees, master keeps three 'busses for this turn; Bob drives one—no, he don't now, for he is dead; [going down, sir?] but Bob used to drive one; I drives this here one, and Jem drives the other. [Going down, sir?]" "Well, suppose he did?" "[Going down, sir? Charing Cross—Elephant and Castle, sir.]—We drives four turns up and four down every day." "Where from"——

At this moment we arrived at Charing Cross, where he of the whip was too busy "*tooting*" to attend to the story; the time-keeper called "*Time;*" we were again in motion; but it was not until we had passed both Houses of Parliament that the "*tooting*" would allow the conversation to be again begun. "Come then, Sam," I said, "tell us why we don't know what we will come to?" "Well, as I said afore, master drives three 'busses; we starts this here one at nine in the morning from the Wood with a fresh pair; Bob starts at ten, and Jem at eleven; then, ye sees, we comes up with our 'buss at twelve; Bob comes off at one, and Jem at two; then I comes on at three, and Bob at four, and Jem at five; and then at six I comes off with my last turn and comes home at eight." "Well, well, I understand all that; but what has it to do with your saying 'we don't know what we will all come to?'" "Why, sir, all the crack 'busses puts in a fresh horse every turn, and a horse that has been the turn afore—'cause ye see, sir, we have so many pullings up, that we does it much better, and not so sore as if we had a fresh or a jaded pair." "But what becomes of the horse who goes out after the first turn: he has only one trip up and down, the others have two?" "Oh, we puts him in for the fresh horse at the last turn [Elephant and Castle—going down, sir?] Well, Bob came home last night with his 'buss at nine o'clock; master, you see, pays us on Mondays; I was waiting for him, and master gives me a sovereign, and Bob a sovereign—Jem would get his sovereign when he com'd home at ten. So I goes with Bob away to his house, and meets his missus, to have summat good for supper, and Bob sits down quite well, and was stone-dead afore ten o'clock. We don't know, sir, as what we may all come to. Poor Bob drove his 'buss up here last night, and was dead afore ten. He had a fine missus, too, and master won't do for her: but that a'n't what I'm vexed for; what vexes me is, master got another man driving Bob's 'buss, same as he had never been dead; and it goes to my heart to think that I may be dead afore morn, and master will drive my 'buss same as if I was not dead; that's what vexes me. We do not know, sir, as what we may come to."

We had now drawn up to the Elephant and Castle, and paid our little sixpence. I bade Sam a good morning, and walked away, wondering at the philosophy which had naturalized itself into the omnibus driver's brain. Reader, we may not exist to-morrow, yet the sun will shine as bright as ever!

A BARBER-OUS AFFAIR.

A most melancholy-looking barber, carrying on the mystery of chin-scraping in Duncan's passage, under the uncommon name of a Scatterjowl, entered the Marlborough-street Police office, bearing in his hand a show-block, with the remains of a curly wig upon it, and presenting himself before Mr. Conant, proceeded after carefully placing his singular burden on the table, to detail his cause of grievance against a journeyman butcher, who was stationed at the bar. The complainant, whose feelings were evidently of the most dismal description, declared that the wig which then looked justice in the face, had for a length of time formed the pride and ornament of his shop window. He had a set of regular customers, who not having the fear of Sir Andrew Agnew before their eyes, came every Sunday morning to his shop to receive his professional assistance.—Some of these customers being waggishly disposed, were greatly wanting in the reverence due to him and to his honorable calling, and were perpetually having what they called "larks" with him and his property. On Sunday, after the labors of the brush were ended, he was about to shut up his shop, when glancing at the window he missed his favorite wig. Astounded at the circumstance, he ran into a neighboring public house, and on mentioning his loss in the tap-room, he soon learned sufficient to convince him that the journeyman butcher, whose nose he had professionally squeezed that morning, could give a clear account of the abstraction of the hairy absentee. Next morning while pondering on the steps proper to be taken, the wig, shorn of its glories, was thrown into his shop. It had evidently been subjected to a "fiery ordeal," and had not stood this once popular test; for one side was completely singed away, and that portion which was left had frizzled into a hue somewhat between a brickbat and a carrot.—"Look, your worship" said the unlucky barber, handing round the block for the inspection of the Bench, "it would ruin any artist to put such a job of work in his window. I'll defy the best wig-maker in the world, let him try all he knows, to put the article in a fit state for the head of a gentleman." Mr. Conant:—What have you to say prisoner, for destroying the man's property?—Defendant: I warn't one as boned the vig; I know'd as it vos taken ony for a "lark," and it's werry true I made von to have a shy at it; but as to who chuck'd the beer and sand over it, I arn't able to say. Complainant: Ah! it is the third time you have played tricks with my vigs. Your worship, I nearly lost one of my oldest customers through one of his tricks; for I had just done dressing the gentleman's Sunday vig, when he managed to melt a ball of Burgundy polish into the crown of it, and the gentleman never found it out until it stuck so tight that he was obliged to have it scalded off. Mr. Conant: Will you go out and talk over the matter? The parties then retired, and after some parley the barber agreed to take a crown as a satisfaction for the injury done to his much lamented wig.

Bell's Life in London.

A NOTE FROM PURGA-TORY.

Dear O'Connell,—I have just got the news of the thundering thieves having turned me out of the representation of Dublin, or, to borrow their own beggarly phrase, "That Edward Southwell Ruthven, Esq., was not duly elected as a citizen to serve in this present Parliament for the city of Dublin." Now, my dear Dan, you know that I as well as yourself *was* duly elected, and be d—d to them; and what's more, that if it were'nt for the bribery of the rascally knaves on the other side, we should have been still further a-head of 'em than we were. The thieves say, a little way further, that bribery was committed, but that they are "unanimously of opinion that there is no evidence that Messrs. West and Hamilton, for whom they voted, were either directly or indirectly implicated in such corrupt practices." No evidence! Oh, Jasus! I should die o' laughing, if I was'nt dead already. Why, who the devil should bribe them but West and Hamilton? *We* never wanted to have recourse to such dirty work—we were safe enough, barring the bribery. They had all the evidence that the thing admitted, for it was'nt likely that the thieves were a going to convict themselves if they could help it. There was capital evidence in abundance, but none are so infernally blind as them who won't see. The thing don't signify a solitary curse to me, does it Dan?—my business was settled some weeks since; but it rouses me even in my grave to hear the humbugs swearing I was not "duly elected."

You will see from the date of my letter that I am safe in Purgatory, for a while, stewing away my earthly sins—in troth I found my "election" in Heaven not quite so sure as it was in Dublin. But one can't expect to come off harmless for one's transgressions—it would'nt be reasonable—thank God, I'm not a great "sufferer."

Send me the *John Bull* now and then, its lies are so very amusing. I am told it has *good* circulation among the clergy, who are as thick as thieves in the *lower* regions (I should be glad to know what circulation can be *worse*), and who are *devilishly* pleased at Hook's articles. Wishing you a safe return from Kilkenny, I am your faithful and defunct friend,

Ould Ruthven.

Purgatory, May 18.

A gentleman who attended a late meeting of a society in Ohio, had a very handsome walking cane taken away, and an ordinary one left in its stead. He advertised the next morning that, if it was returned, the person would be *suitably* rewarded. A fellow, well known for his pranks of the kind, returned it, and inquired for his reward, which was given him, in the shape of a sound drubbing.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

ORIGIN OF LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.—It has been the custom, for some years last past, on the nights in Lent when dramatic performances are prohibited, (that is, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the whole of Passion-week,) to get up a *galli-maufrical* performance that is not *deemed* dramatic, because it too often contains that which would disgrace any drama, however low. These entertainments are supposed to have originated at the Adelphi Theatre. This is an error; they were only *revived* there. The first attempt of the kind in question was made by the elder Colman at the Haymarket Theatre, in season 1779 or 1780, and produced in substitution of the entertainment called "Foote's Tea."* The performance in question was called "Pasquin's Budget." It was "written and invented" by Charles Dibdin, the lyrist, and consisted of mythological and pantomimic representations of the story of Pandora and Prometheus, and Calypso, Telemachus, and Ulysses; the characters being represented by *puppets*, and the dialogue and songs delivered and sung for them (from behind the scenes, and the sides) by Charles Bannister, (who, in his *falsetto*, sung Pandora's *arias* beautifully,) Charles Dibdin, Mrs. Dibdin, John Bannister, Tom Champneys, (a very fine bass,) &c. &c.

There was also an exhibition, then new to this country, entitled *Ombres Chinoise*, effected thus:—The stage was closed up, so as to form a large picture-frame, as used in our dramatic dioramas now. This frame was filled in by black gauze, behind which the performer, disguised either as a bird or beast, sang or said. C. Bannister sang a duet as "a new specimen of the genus *Homo*,"—that is, half a huntsman, half a beau. John Bannister appeared as the "Hampshire Hog," in which he gave an imitation of the grunt and squeak of Quick. This performance, which was produced at considerable expense, failed entirely, from the exertions of the actors and singers being nullified by the deadening intervention of the gauze: yet Mr. Arnold, who was a young man when Colman made this experiment, revived it with slight alterations, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, at the English Opera House. The result was the same; the audience were dissatisfied, and the speculation failed.

A CHARACTER.—Orazer, the Scotch manager, understood better than any one I ever met, the art of sinking in colloquy. He seldom uttered anything without involving an anti-climax. Speaking of a well-known public character, he said, "I can just assure you, Sir, that he's a consummate rascal; and, *moreover*, a mon of a varry indifferent character."

HOGG AT THE OPERA.—When Hogg visited London, a literary friend took him to the Opera, where the Shepherd soon gave unequivocal symptoms of drowsiness; yet to any inquiry implying a doubt of his feeling entertained, he replied, "Eh! I like it gae well, Sir." When he did give his attention to any portion of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Mr. Costa, the conductor. At length he could restrain his curiosity no longer, but exclaimed, "Wha, and what the de'il's that fallow that keeps aye *fugle*-ing yon?"

GOOD HUMOR.—When Foote imitated Sir William Browne, President of the College of Physicians, that gentleman wrote the mimic a complimentary note, saying that his representation was perfect, but that he had forgotten to wear "a muff," and begging his acceptance of one. When Mr. Turnour imitated Yates in a Covent Garden pantomime some two years since, Mr. Yates, observing that the hat he (Turnour) wore was not characteristic, sent him his own.

UNCERTAINTY OF SUCCESS.—The "Agreeable Surprise," which, in 1781, 1782, and 1783, drew thousands to the Haymarket, had been damned in Dublin in 1776, under the title of the "Secret Enlarged." The "Castle of Andalusia," by the same author, and for many years one of our most popular operas, shared a similar fate at Covent Garden on its first introduction as "The Banditti," in 1781.

NAPOLEON AND A MIMIC (BY TRADITION).—When R——, then in the provinces, was about to personate Napoleon, in the piece called "Waterloo," he very anxiously inquired of all Parisians, and among military men, as to any peculiarities of manner that might have been observable in the Emperor. He got very unsatisfactory information. At length he was introduced to an officer in the 4th Dragoons, who had, during service, two particular opportunities of noticing the idol of France. The Irish Captain, however, had little to tell; for he summed up all by saying, "Faith, the prominent trait of his manner, was his continually taking snuff. "That," replied R——, "was a *snuffer-tray*, and won't answer my purpose."

HOW TO BUILD A THEATRE.—About sixty years since, the laws of *meum* and *tuum* were, during election time, openly infringed; the instant the polling had concluded, the mob carried off the timber of the hustings *vi et armis*. This led to persons being paid to guard it, between whom and the multitude some dreadful fights frequently ensued. When Old Astley meditated building the Royal Grove (1783–4), he advertised that he would purchase, at a liberal price, the timber that was *rescued* from the mob. Of course the mob took the hint. When timber was brought, Astley was not particular in distinguishing between robber and rescuer; and in one week he had timber enough, at one-tenth its cost price, to erect the Royal Grove. Old Philip chuckled over this piece of chicanery with unabated glee for thirty years afterwards.

A CONCISE DESCRIPTION.—Little M—— brought out a play at the Haymarket; but the Fates were against him, and the unfortunate comedy went to "that place from whence no comedies return." Liston, who had been in Paris, asked, on his return, what had been doing in his absence. "M—— has had something out," said he. "What was it?" "A failure in five acts," was the reply.

A MODERN MANAGER.—A certain theatrical despot, finding fault with the absence of his stage-manager, said, "I expect my manager to come in with the carpenters, and go out with the gas."

A REMARKABLE BOLSTER.—An American writer, in describing the last scene of Othello, has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing *a bolster, full of rage and jealousy*, smothers her."

An actor asking earnestly as to Kean's success in New York, put questions as to how he was received, and whether, at the end of the first soliloquy, there were any vehement demonstrations of delight? "Tell me," said he, "did Kean go off with *éclat*?" "Oh, no!" was the reply; "as usual, at the first entrance O.P."

O'Neil, father of Miss O'Neil, was the manager of a small strolling company in Ireland; he was an eccentric of the first water. If any member of his company disappointed him, (a common occurrence), O'Neil had one speech—"Confusion burst his skull, a blackguard!—what will I do? Here, give me a great coat, and I'll double his part with my own." The great coat was the universal panacea, whatever the general costume of the play might be. If the buried Majesty of Denmark complained to Mr. O'Neil of the lack of armor in the wardrobe, the manager would shrug up his shoulders, and, after a pause, exclaim, "Oh, bother! Sure, if you put on a great coat, ye'll do very well." Matters of much greater moment he met with the same coolness. Once proceeding by a barge along a small river, the captain and O'Neil quarrelled, and, in a scuffle, the former knocked the manager overboard. He swam to shore, and called out—"Confusion burst your skull! I suppose you thought I could'nt swim." A knot of novices once joined Mr. O'Neil, and having played some three weeks without receiving any salary, they determined to proceed against him at law. The manager met their demand by a set-off for a considerable sum due by them to him, for spoiling all the plays and farces they appeared in. To avoid this expose, their claim was abandoned. O'Neil's company seldom exceeded eight or nine in number, acting in barns, &c. In this school—if school it can be called—Miss O'Neil learned the rudiments of her profession. Mrs. Siddons had a similar training. Kean's school was, in his early years, even in a less promising arena.

KEAN AT GLASGOW.—That the inhabitants of Glasgow speak tolerably broad Scotch is certainly no secret. When Kean returned to London from his first northern tour, a friend asked him how he liked the "folk o' Glasgie?" "I liked the town very well," replied Kean; "but as I neither spoke nor understood the language of the natives, I went but little into society."

* Foote, in 1777 or 1778, sold his share in the theatre, and retired from public life, suffering under the pangs occasioned by a malicious accusation, upon which he had been tried, and honorably acquitted.

EDITORIALS—so called.—Walsh, in his preface to his Didactics, says to this effect—that the discerning reader should never judge of the correctness of an editor's style, or his knowledge of the purity of his language, by his editorial articles.—There is so much truth in this (not sufficiently regarded) that it is worthy of remark. An editor *must* fill his sheet—no matter what personal vexation he may have to disturb the sober current of his thoughts; no matter what palsying sickness may be revelling upon his frame—or whether he be sad or weary—the variety, the strength, the raciness which are the characteristics of his better effort will be expected of him, and he must drive from him every care, and school his feelings to the task. Again, what an exhaustion of mental exertion would ensue, should editorial articles, long and short, be penned with the utmost care, and sentences be finished, and periods rounded according to the strict rules of rhetoric and grammar! We do not mean that they are to be deemed of no importance; but who would pity the unfortunate wight who would conceive it necessary to aim at undeviating correctness in these respects.

No—enough of the character of an editor's mind, of his depth of thought, his exactness of expression, his trust-worthiness, and ability may be gathered from his editorials, without measuring his sentences with the square and compass.

The Buffalo papers state that, on the 30th ultimo, two men in a boat went over the Niagara Falls. It is not known who they were, but they were seen a considerable distance above the Falls, and exertions were made to save them, which were twice nearly successful. But they finally passed the point of hope, and were carried on to eternity amidst the roar and rush of waters. They were seen waving their hats just as they made the fatal descent into the abyss below, and into another world.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range. and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washingten and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
MPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence o learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). $5 00
For Six Months. 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. $3 00
Each subsequent insertion. 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and, strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

THEATRICAL CARD.

WE, the undersigned, Managers of the Nashville Theatre, Tennessee, deem it necessary to state, as a caution to managers generally, that after engaging a full stock company, together with an efficient orchestra, that would cope with any other establishment in the United States, to open on the 15th instant, have been deterred from doing so, owing to the non-arrival of several, who were *bona fide* engaged, and who have shown no cause whatever for breaking their engagement—to wit:

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, formerly Miss Lane; Mrs. Kinloch; Mr. G. S. Lyons; Mrs. Lyons; Mr. Thompson; Charles Mather; J. S. Silsby; all from the St. Charles-st. Theatre, New Orleans. Also, J Fly, Stage Carpenter.

Having taken legal advice, we shall prosecute each and all on this black list, whom we deem unworthy of the attention of any respectable manager.

J. WARRELL & THOS. M. GROVES.

Nashville, Tennessee, June 18, 1836. jy 16.

WANTED.

BY a young man, who can procure the most undoubted security and references, a situation as Book-keeper or assistant, or Collecting Clerk. The advertiser has many advantages, and would make himself generally useful. Please address M. P. 147 Fulton street.

WANTED,

A PARTNER, in the Porter, Ale, and Wine Bottling Business. Any person having a few hundred dollars, would find it their interest to embark in the above, as the advertiser has first rate connexions, and will embark a suitable capital.

Address J. P. at 296 Pearl street, stating real name and where an interview may be had.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them - it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

* * Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836-7-8.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 a side; *Hickory John* vs. *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
ALEXANDRIA, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
BALTIMORE, Md	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, $6000 aside, ch c *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting, 1837.
BELFIELD, Va.	Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept.
BLAINVILLE, L. C.	Third Monday, 15th Aug. (After 1st day open to all horses.)
CULPEPER C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
CHARLESTOWN, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
" "	Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, *Charley Scott*, vs. B. F., full sister to Enciero, Jefferson Co. Course, 1st day of Fall meeting.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky.,	Spring Hill Association, Thursday, 1st Sept.
DAVISON'S COURSE,	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct.
FRANKLIN, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
GALLATIN, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
HARTSVILLE, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Treaday, 6th Sept.
JACKSON, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
" "	Match, 1000 Yds, $1,000 aside, *Silk Stockings* vs. *Shawneytown*, July 4.
KENDALL COURSE, MD.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
NEW-YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chuckfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $2000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth, vs. imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837. [Day and distance not declared.]
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Pharsalia Course Feb. 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
" "	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
OXFORD, N. C.	Wednesday, 19th Oct.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va.	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
THREE RIVERS, L. C.	Regular Meeting, 28th July.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The writer of "A Quarter Race" will oblige us by furnishing his address.

An important communication from a Southern turfman in relation to *Argyle* and *Mingo*, is under consideration. The writer must be aware that the ground he assumes should be sustained by testimony full and irrefragable. It is a very delicate matter to touch upon in any event, affecting, as it does, the feelings and interests of several distinguished individuals. We crave the indulgence of our Correspondent until we find leisure to examine the subject as its importance deserves, and shall be happy to hear from him in the meantime.

Mrs. Chapman, or rather Mrs. Richardson, is *not* engaged at the Park for next season.

The publication of the Theatrical Letter-press Portraits promised in our columns, will be commenced on the 1st of September. "Be ready, *Stars*, with all your *anecdotes!* Dash *them* in pieces!"

Mrs. Maeder, late Clara Fisher, sails for Europe in the packet of the 16th of Aug.

Miss Cushman is engaged at the Bowery for three years, report says. We do not claim to be *au fait* with Hamblin's arrangements.

Tom B. is laid up with the gout, friend G., a circumstance that could not have occurred, had he continued to edit a newspaper in *this* city.

A manager in a Western city writes—"Should you hear of any nice, quiet little woman, who plays the juvenile and interesting business cleverly, will you recommend her to me? I will give such a one a good salary, and a situation for a year."

W. E.'s theatrical epistle from Boston will be attended to directly.

Cadmus will be sold, provided the pewter, and lots of it, be forked up. "The Louisianians" have not arrived.

Russell has determined not to visit New York this season, says his agent here. Everything worth having has been engaged already, by Ludlow and Barry.

A letter to a gentleman of this city from a distinguished turfman in Philadelphia has been sent to us; in our next we shall avail ourselves of the information furnished with pleasure.

Varieties.

A Mr. Dumesnil states that the metallic lustre of the scales of fishes is owing to the presence of silver, and that there is the twelve-thousandth part of a grain of silver in each scale of a carp. After this we think the *scaly* tribe will be looked upon less contemptuously than heretofore.

"Is there," asked D'Orsay, of Duncombe, "any such place in England as *Hogs-Norton?*" "I really can't say," replied Tom, "but I've heard of a place called *Lambs-Norton*, somewhere in the neighborhood of *Melbourne*, in Leicestershire." Tom is dreadfully personal at times.

"There is a general understanding between you and the Marquis, I presume?" inquired a friend of Di Salsa. "You are right," replied the Neapolitan: "de understanding is *general* between us, but *private* as regards de Marquis and my lady."

"I certainly prefer broad farce, or comedy, to any thing else," observed Lady Glengall to her Lord, in the course of an after dinner dissertation on the drama. "What, than tragedy?" inquired his Lordship. "Infinitely; and so did pa, for he used often to say that he had *killing* enough at home, without going to the theatre to witness it." Glengall fainted.

It is rumored in the circles of fashion that a certain lady, the wife of a Baronet, residing in Portland-place, has *gone off*—not through the instrumentality of the family physician, but *with* the family solicitor. This occurrence, as the papers would say, is likely to "furnish employment for the gentlemen of the long robe."

"I have heard that when Sir John is abroad he is quite a man of business—is it so?" inquired Queen Mab of Lady Anne Beckett. "Upon my word," replied Lady Anne, "I do not know, but this I can safely say, that he does very little business when at home." The Queen held this to be a confirmation strong as "words of holy writ."

"Your mother, the Princess, at the time of your birth, no doubt evinced great anxiety," observed little Williams to Garth. "She did—to *get rid of me*," was the reply.

What two members of the Cabinet would now be in season as a "matter of course?"—*Lamb* and *Mint*-o. Any others? Yes!—a *Pullet* with a *Rice* Curry. We wish we could see them all *dished*.

THE SHEEP-FACED GOVERNMENT.—"The lambing season in Romney marsh has been the most disastrous ever known."—*Kentish Observer*.—[The *Lambe*-in season has been the most disastrous one for the country generally that ever was known in the tide of times.]

THE DIRT OF THE METROPOLIS.—The dirt of London is, in these reforming days, becoming exceedingly valuable; for 5 parishes receive yearly 3780*l.* for their sweepings. Yet when we consider that *dirt* is selected to fill the highest places in the empire, and that the *sweepings* of the community is now the furniture of the House of Commons, we cannot much marvel at the circumstance.

LOVE.—It is said that love is something like the *measles*—it goes harder with people who catch it at advanced life. This is the reason, we suppose, that most people contrive to have it while young, as they do many other diseases which our natures are heir to.

A STATESMAN'S POLICY.—Godoy, Prime Minister of the Peace, (former Spanish Prime Minister), says, in his recently published Memoirs, "If a man of talent inspired some apprehension, I lost no time in drawing him over to the service of the State; when suitably employed, he ceased to be dangerous—he became useful."

SMOKING AMONG GERMAN LADIES.—The only drawback to any enjoyment in Hamburgh, was the universal habit of smoking tobacco—the coffee-houses, the ball-rooms, the marquees, villas, cabarets, and promenades, in short every place in which human beings were congregated, were filled with a dense mass of this vapor. The whole of the male population were armed either with a pipe or a cigar; even boys of eight or ten years were to be seen indulging this practice. The fair enemy of tobacco smoke, Mrs. Trollope, could have been completely horrified, for even some of the women are addicted to this unfeminine indulgence, and I have not unfrequently seen a handsome, well-dressed girl, receive from her inamorato, not a glass of lemonade, but a genuine Havana, which she instantly commenced reducing to ashes with a *gout* as keen as that of a Spanish dandy in a coffee house at Madrid.

We are happy to hear that M. le Breton des Chapelles is likely to become once more regular in his attendance at the chess table. What an amazing genius this gentleman must have for the game! The fact we have to state would appear incredible, if not handed us on the very first authority. After not having played a single game of Chess for fifteen years, M. des Chapelles sat down with M. la Bourdonnais, last week, to try how far his ancient art had forsaken him. They played the game of the Pawns even; and the result of three games was, that one was drawn, and that each party won one! The next day Des Chapelles played with M. St. Amand, giving the latter the Pawn and two moves. Again the balance of power was equally adjusted. Each player won a game, and the third was drawn. To us this appears quite as wonderful an effort of skill as Philidor's playing three games at once without seeing the boards. Why, an English player, if laid up in ordinary for a twelvemonth, can never play within a Knight of his former strength. We believe that, indirectly, the merit is wholly due to ourselves of having called Des Chapelles once more to the tented field. He talks of playing constantly; would he were to visit London; how delighted our players would be to take a lesson from him!

ADVANCE OF RESPECTABILITY.—The lower orders, as the laboring classes are denominated, are fast rising in the scale of respectability. We find an advertisement for "a respectable youth to clean pots, and make himself generally useful." If a pot-boy must be a youth of respectability, what must the bar-maid be?—Nothing less than "a lady of fashionable exterior."

The bill for the better organization of the American Navy, provides 1 Admiral, 1 Vice Admiral, 3 Rear Admirals, 45 Captains, 60 Commanders, 350 Lieutenants, 145 passed Midshipmen, and such number of Surgeons, Pursers, and warrant Officers as the service may require.

A Mr. Sylvester, of Cincinnati, was the captor of Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto.

The following oratorical display was made, says the *Marshall Sentinel*, not long since, by a gentleman who wished to advocate the construction of a new turnpike through a particular section of Virginia.

"May it please your worships! while Europe is convulsed in civil discords, and her empires tremble with internal commotions, and while her astronomers mount the wings of their imagination, and soar through the etherial world, pursuing their course from system to system, until they have explored the vast eternity of space—let us direct our attention to a road more immediately in our neighborhood.

A son of the "Isle of Erin" having purchased a new Bible, commenced his family record. He enrolled the name of his first born thus:—"John G——, born August 6, 1830, *aged* 5 years." Balt. Trans.

POETICAL SUPERSCRIPTION.—A letter with the following direction was dropped into the Post Office, Bangor, last week.

As I'm directed rather queer,
And look so mighty knowing,
It may be you would like to hear
To whom, and where I am going.
To Saccarappa, state of Maine
I'm sent, and shall not fail,
For I've implicit confidence
In Amos Kendall's mail.
Post Masters! Fail not on your peril,
To give me to Miss S. U. Merrill.

JOHN H. SLACK has the honor of appearing in the Transcript this evening for the first time, although his name has been familiar to us for a year past. Every newspaper from the East and North East, that has come into our sanctum for a twelve month, has had something to say about the "critur," but we have been utterly unable to "get the hang of him" until now. We have, however, at last got hold of a pic-nic and a full length portrait of the animal. It seems that John has been for years prowling about—seeking whom he might devour—in the humble capacity of a receiver of subscriptions for the erection of a college in Canada—which is never to be built. John is one of the "nati consumere fruges"—who goes upon the principle that the world owes him a living, and he has adopted the least laborious mode of getting payment. The Salem Land mark says, that Slack told the editor that many people made him donations on his own personal account, "because he was a clever fellow," and remarks that he is just as *clever*, as a lazy, impudent, unconscionable imposter can be; a perfect outlaw, who ought, for his cleverness, to be provided with a home at the public expense, and have an opportunity of gaining an honest livelihood in the House of Correction or Penitentiary; and the Theological Review, in an article censuring men in high places for the facility with which they lend the influence of their names to charlatans and imposters—and whose names have aided Slack in procuring money from the people under false pretences, says:—"John Hancock Slack, is the grossest compound of ignorance and knavery, whose sin blushes in his face." After these sketches, the reader will undoubtedly know John if he ever comes this way. Boston Transcript.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THIRD GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—Sunday Evening, July 31, with increased talent. The performances will take place rain or shine.

Last night of the engagement of Mrs. and Miss Watson, and last night but two of the engagement of Mr. C. E. Horn. Third appearance of Signor Cioffi, Signor Gambati, and Mr. James Kendall of Boston, at the Sacred Concerts.

The universal satisfaction expressed at the Sacred Performance last Sunday evening, is at once highly flattering to the distinguished talent engaged, and gratifying both to the proprietor and the Conductor of the Concerts, who have made such arrangements for their entertainment during the season, as it is hoped will insure their approbation and increased support.

Principal Vocal Performers already engaged—Mrs. and Miss Watson, Mr. C. E. Horn, Signor Fabj, Mr. Cunnington, and Mr. Archer.

Solo and Instrumental Performers—Sigr. Gambati, Sigr. Cioffi, Mr. J. Kendall, Sigr. Casolani, Messrs. J. A. Kyle, W. Taylor, Meyrick, Meyers, Goodwin, Conduit, Dodsworth, Nidds, Kyle, sen., Klusshnan, Cramer, Munson, Cooke, Gentil, Cline.

Leader, Mr. Boucher. Conductor, Mr. Watson.

The Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

☞ Tickets may be had at Atwill's music store and at the garden—price 50 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

MRS. WATSON'S BENEFIT, and last night of her engagement.—Mrs Watson respectfully announces to the public, that her Benefit Concert will take place on Monday Evening, Aug. 1st, 1836.

The entertainments will comprise a popular selection of Music, performed by a Galaxy of Talent, which she confidently hopes will ensure her a continuance of their kind patronage and support.

Vocal Performers—Mrs. and Miss Watson, Mr. C. E. Horn, Signor Fabj, Mr. Cunnington, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Dempster (his first appearance this season.)

Grand Fantasies on the Trombone, by the inimitable Signor Cioffi, on the Trumpet, by Signor Gambati, on the Clarionet by Mr. James Kendall, and on the Pianoforte by Mr. Timm, and Mr. W. A. King.

The Splendid Overture to Guiliaume Tell, Trumpet Obligato by Signor Gambati, with an Augmented Orchestra, by Rosini, and the celebrated overture to Fra Diavolo, will be performed by particular desire; as will also the celebrated Boat Duett, by Mrs. and Miss Watson, and the favorite Duett from the Somnambulist, arranged expressly for them by Mr. Watson. Also a Comic Glee by Mr. C. E. Horn, Mr. Dempster, and Mr. Archer. Leader, Mr. Boucher; Conductor, Mr. Watson.

Tickets 50 cents, to be had at the principal music stores and hotels. Full particulars in future advertisements and small bills.

FRANKLIN THEATRE--CHATHAM SQUARE.

THE public are respectfully informed that this establishment will open for the season on Monday evening, Aug. 1st, 1836. During the recess, the theatre has been materially altered and improved, and the general arrangements are such as the manager hopes will guarantee the comfort and convenience of its patrons. The whole of the interior has been redecorated and newly embellished, under the superintendence of talented artists. Great attention has also been paid to the thorough ventilation of the house; and its former friends and supporters are confidently assured that the manager, duly impressed with a sense of their liberality, has endeavored to select, in every department of the theatre, talent of the highest order. The Company will contain many of the former favorites, and many valuable additions. The orchestra will be full and effective. The whole of the interior of the house painted by Mr. P. F. Grain, who will present to the public a *superb new Drop Curtain*. All the novelties of the season will be produced in rapid succession.

A strong police is engaged under the direction of Mr. Bowyer.

jy 30-1t. W. DINNEFORD.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September*.—FIRST DAY.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

SECOND DAY.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

SECOND DAY.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry*.

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses, to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best references will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place. june 25 3t

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, fall, 1836.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall, 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close the 1st of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To name and close by the 1st of September, 1836. Three or more to make a race.

3. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. free for colts that never won a race. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of September, 1836.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, spring 1837.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

Sweepstakes open for 3 ys. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Course.

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

1. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never *won* a race—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

FALL, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1. A. P. Hamlin, produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens " Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate " Henry Mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens " Janette and Henry.
5. Also, " Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson " Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton " Powancey and Charles.
8. G. T Wilson " Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts " Phillis and Eclipse.

SPRING, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1836. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake: four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N.B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836. Two mile heats; entrance $1000; half forfeit: to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

New-York, June, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary*.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.

2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.

3. Stake; mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.

4. Stake; for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat. Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. PHILIP C. HOUGHTON, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up;* and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tueseay in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. FIRST DAY—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, SECOND DAY—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary*.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.
June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (14 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.